

ZION'S HERALD

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FAMILY RELIGION.—Love to God, the principle of religion, ruling in the heart, will manifest itself in every relation. Its influence in the family and thereby on the community, is invaluable. It has been wisely said that if our churches were closed, and there were no magistrates, religion in the family would preserve the community.

See the household at their accustomed devotions. The sacrifice of prayer and praise devoutly offered at the domestic altar is more than ceremony. It is higher than duty, higher than privilege. It is communing with God. The Holy Spirit sheds the oil of gladness on them. They are strengthened by grace for the necessary duties of life; in the spirit of prayer they go to their daily work; in humble confidence in God, they expect and find His blessing abiding with them.

Here is a fountain of holy influences which may be always full and flowing. Christian parents, it devolves on you to keep it always at its full height. Do you love the Saviour? Do you show it to your family? If in your heart, it cannot be hid. It will appear in your spirit of kindness, in your conversation, in all your conduct.

The family relation is appointed of God, "that he might seek a godly seed." Your children are receiving impressions from every circumstance. Your example will lead them early to the cross of Christ, or produce indifference to their personal salvation. Do you have family worship? Is it regularly performed? Say not you have no talent for it. You can, at least, read a portion of Scripture, and offer the Lord's Prayer. Do this and you will find it in your heart to continue in your petitions for your family and others. This is a standing exhortation to piety, a constant invitation to your children to devote their hearts and lives to the service of God.

A pious father, whose children were all early converted, when asked by his son why he had never talked with his children about their conversion, said that "he had known much said by parents whose example hindered the force of their conversation, and he preferred that his children might learn from his example the reality of religion; and they were always remembered in family prayers." The consistent example of piety those parents rendered their prayers effectual and availing in the early conversion of their children. The family thus became a church in a house.

This strongest of associations, becomes doubly so when Christian affection is added to natural affection. The more these are multiplied in the community, the greater the influence of godliness in the nation. Unconverted men feel that it is a protection to them to have praying families for neighbors. Often from this consideration have they been led to begin religious lives.

Christian parents, will you improve your opportunity to honor God in your family? Will you be, by His grace, a blessing in the community? Then let your example before your household, and also your religious services, witness your high purpose.

GET READY FOR THE CAMP-MEETINGS.—The New England camp-meetings begin this week. They are rightly led off by the Maine meeting for Holiness, the first State Camp-meeting for this baptism, but certain not to be the last. The rest follow in crowded succession. The churches go up to the groves. Do not let these groves lead to sin. Israel changed its tabernacle festival of worship of the true God into a tabernacle worship of idols. The devil tempted them through their most favorite and most approved service, and they had to cut down the groves to save the Church from being cut down. So must the Church to-day take heed that these places become not haunts of harmless dissipation, and thus, ultimately, of harmful weakness, and

more harmful evil. Go up to them in the strength of the Master. Go as He went, to desert places apart to pray. Go to get a first baptism of the Holy Ghost. Go to entreat sinners to be reconciled to God. Go to present the gracious and solemn appeals of the Gospel in all their sternness, in all their affection. Go to labor for Christ, and with Christ. The camp-meeting is a great power still in the Church. It never was a greater power. Multitudes still throng its tents and stands, crying for mercy. The national meetings have lifted up and strengthened all the local gatherings. May this year's meetings be the best the Church has ever known. To thy tents, O Israel.

The Western thus endorses a bad policy:—

"*The Negro in Politics.*—We clip the following from the *Indiana American*. It is a little blunt, but it utters the sentiment of a large part of the Methodist Episcopal Church:—

"*The ZION'S HERALD and The New York Independent* are urging the Methodist Church to elect a colored man Bishop. If there should arise, or has arisen, a man of such commanding talent as a preacher and executive officer, as to command the respect of the whole Church, then elect him without regard to the color of his skin. We are opposed to making the color of the skin a hindrance or a passport to promotion. Our politics in Church affairs is the same as in State. Prety is as pretty does, and the color has nothing with a right to favor. Whenever a Church or a State undertakes to make color a qualification, or a disqualification, it plays the demagogue and the fool."

There is one order that can answer all this error. That is, to pull out of the pit that which has fallen in. The color of the skin "is a hindrance to-day to promotion" in all our churches. Will *The Advocate* advocate stationing James Lynch at St. Paul's, in Cincinnati? Will it advocate his election to a missionary secretaryship, or editor of any *Advocate*? There is no chance yet for the ablest and lightest colored of these brethren occupying any desirable pulpit in the Church. Yet they compose about one fifth of its members and ministers. The State does recognize this fact, which it seems to doubt, and puts them in elevated posts because of their color, if you please. They are no better than whites, but they are as good, and they must be represented. So we have as good brethren in the colored ranks as the whites. James Lynch, Secretary of State of Mississippi, is as competent as the editor of *The Western*; so is William Butler, of New York city, or the Presiding Elder of the Savannah District, and the pastor of the Clark Street Church in Nashville. But none of these can come in because of their color. Now we must regard this mass of our people and preachers. We must regard the greater mass that awaits our just action to follow them into the Church. In some way, either from our own ranks, or by union with the Zion's Church, or by making Bishop Roberts full Bishop, must we have in our General Superintendency a man of color. The ox in the pit must be dragged out. The detestation of brethren on account of color must be rebuked. He is neither "demagogue nor fool" that urges this duty, but only a wise master-builder who will make a non-circumcised Greek a chief of the Church, that he may teach the circumcised Jewish Christians the wickedness of their prejudice. Until we make such a Bishop, all our talk about giving merit its desert apart from color, betrays the very truth it appears to advocate. Such *The Western* does not mean to do, and therefore we trust it will join with the *HERALD* and its own child *The Atlanta Advocate*, in leading the church in this wise and successful direction.

The Indiana Advocate argues that Conventions and Conferences have got to go to boarding-houses. That will put all the Indiana Conferences into Indianapolis, as all of them have a corner in that town, or did have, and if this is to be the future, will have again. This

will be pleasant for Bro. Goodwin, as he can superintend the bodies without stirring from his den. The flies will come to the spider, as they always do, wise old fellow that he is, lazying around his own homestead, and making his game come to his door to be caught—much wiser than the hunter and fisher, who have to go far and toil hard for their game. All this sermon is not on the editor, but the spider. The former thus presents the matter, and seconds *The Springfield Union*:—

"From the general tenor of our exchanges, religious and secular, East and West, we infer that the time is not far distant when it will be necessary for all Conferences and Conventions, and other assemblies, to be entertained by boarding-houses, in lieu of the usual custom of gratuitous entertainment. It is needless to quarrel with the inevitable. Every successive year, in every town and city, develops increasing difficulties in procuring gratuitous entertainment for strangers. This may be a departure from the custom of the fathers, but not more than we have departed in the style of living, and the expense of living. We do not mention this matter to either approve or condemn it, but to call attention to the inevitable, that when it must come, there may be something like a resignation to fate."

During the progress of a revival in New Hampshire, sometime since, an intelligent and popular man, sitting in his place of business, reasoned thus: "This religion is either Divine or human in its origin. If it is Divine, I ought to know it, and to experience its power. Doubtless God could tell me if he would. Possibly if I were a sincere inquirer, he would. There is no possibility of loss, and gain is probable. I'll inquire; but whom shall I ask? Why not ask God Himself? Sure enough! I will ask Him now in prayer." He did so honestly, and is now a sincere disciple, with an experience of Jesus' love to tell of, and to rejoice in. Christ fulfills His promise to-day: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Whosoever doth My will shall know of the doctrine, whether I be sent of God, or whether I come of Myself.

The Malden Mirror is a new, bright weekly, edited by "Willy Wisp," who is a retired and retiring Unitarian clergyman, and no chicken, as his *nom de plume* might suggest. It is lively and gossiping, and has a spice of mirth too. It only errs when it gets into theology. Last week it quoted our remark on Judge Pitman, that "he was in a fair way to become a Scriptural Unitarian, which is a Trinitarian," and adds, "Isn't this a dangerous admission, theologically, that there can be a 'Scriptural Unitarian?'" Shall we have to teach "Willy," and his *Mirror* a lesson in Bible doctrine? All Christians are Unitarians. The Bible is no less Unitarian than Trinitarian, and no less Trinitarian than Unitarian. Prof. Phelps defended the Unity of God as a Bible and Christian truth before the Brattle Street gathering of Congregational ministers. A "Scriptural Unitarian," however, is a Trinitarian, as we said. He can be nothing else. Will Rev. Mr. "Wisp" accept that? His Orthodox subscribers, which compose about 1,000 out of his 1,100, will accept it, and always have. May his *Mirror* reflect their truth, and the truth of the Bible. The Lord our God is one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—Mr. Tilton, in *The Golden Age*, says, "the essential thing in religion is goodness." Mathew Arnold, on the contrary, says that "the true meaning of religion is not morality, but morality touched by emotion;" it is "ethics heightened, lit up by feeling;" "the object of religion is conduct." Who shall decide when these angelic doctors of the anti-church disagree? Will they now tell us what Christian religion is? And more than that, will they tell if they enjoy it? Let us have a class meeting of the Free-religionists.

Original and Selected Papers.

IRIDES.

BY S. T. CLARK, A. M., M. D.

Bring blessings beautiful bow to the fair fields!
The farmer's furrow drinks the recent rain!
A child of water and light, thy beauty yields
The faith of Ararat to earth again.

God will not drown the world; and my poor soul
Wading through waters bloody, bitter, deep.
Must soon emerge—backward the clouds will roll—
And when they cease to rain, I shall to weep.

Already in my firmament, I see
A rift made by the light that guides my way,
And lo! the bending bow appears to me,
And all its varied colors o'er me play.

O! violet, indigo, blue, green, orange, and red!
Thy heaven-born hues make music to my sight!
But arching o'er His cross and thorn-crowned head,
Who died for me, adds a diviner light!

Thrice blessed hope! whatever storms arise
Upon Thy children—O Thou crucified—
The bow of promise, shining in their skies
Seals Thy sure work, and they are satisfied.

A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

BY REV. G. F. COX.

In childhood I dwelt in the State of Maine, in the midst of a sparse population, where the church-going bell was not heard. Occasionally we went in a canoe across the river, and down its stream about three miles, to the only Methodist Church within many miles—the second or third one, I think, built in the State. Once in a while we had meetings in our own house, from Fathers Kibbey, Fogg, Humphrey, Williston, Martin, and others, but I was too young to appreciate their message, although I remember the last named laid his hand upon my head to bless me. But there was always a stir upon these occasions. In many respects they seemed the busy or the listless days of life. When older, we were where we could attend a church, but of what was uttered in the pulpit we have scarce a recollection, excepting a vague idea of "election or reprobation from eternity." But the street had its travelers and carriages, and ill-behaved young men—and old men, too. Having left home so very early, the sacredness of the Sabbath we scarcely realized. When twenty, and a convert to the Saviour, matters changed. Yet the Sabbath was a busy day. Sometimes we walked, and others rode many miles to attend a meeting in a barn, or a log-house, or a school-house. When a minister and a Presiding Elder, our Quarterly Meetings and camp-meetings seemed like anything but a quiet Sabbath. But there was power, and the advancement of the work of God.

We had heard of the sanctity, and sometimes of the severity of the Sabbath day in Massachusetts, but had not seen it. We remember of hearing as a common remark among the profane, that "at Newburyport the pigs went to church" as regularly as the Sabbath came. But for ourselves, we had gained no impressive views of its sacredness, or rather of its "sacred keeping."

But some eighteen years since, while stationed in Boston, I was invited by a good brother, now in the other world, to "exchange" with him. He was stationed at Holliston, one of the delightful villages of Massachusetts. I joyously accepted his offer. The Saturday preceding the Sabbath was a hot summer's day, and I reached the place where I was to lodge just before sunset. The sun went down while taking my tea. Directly back of the house was an eminence, quite a hill, some would say a mount, and so it was. I was desirous of inhaling a cooler air, and as twilight set in, I ascended the mount, and spent a half hour refreshing myself with a fragrant and cool atmosphere, and what I could see, and thinking of the morrow, and its sacred duties, in which I was to share. I enjoyed myself much, and resolved as I left the place, to return to it in the morning, when I could have a clear view of the scenery.

The heat was so intense, I passed the night a little restless. But morning came, and it was delightful. After breakfast and prayer, I repaired for meditation to the same spot upon the mount, where a portion of the evening was passed.

All the houses of the village looked neat and tasteful, and were well-painted. A little stream threaded the outskirts of the village, and was seen sometimes clearly, and sometimes but just discernible, gliding like specks of silver amid the foliage that hung over its waters. High mountain peaks were in the distance, and added grandeur to the view. The smoke from the chimneys of the cottages was curling up so silently that the atmosphere seemed still. Not a footfall, or the roll of carriage-wheel was heard anywhere. No one was to be seen. The dog was lying at his master's feet, or waiting at the door for his bidding. Nothing was heard. Scarcely a bird flew. All was impressively still. Nature and art

were being beheld in their loveliness, but not heard. The reverie was complete. How long I tarried, I know not, but I was fully absorbed. Suddenly the bell struck, and I was aroused to the thought that it was the Sabbath bell, and there came into my heart such a feeling, such a view of the Sabbath day, such an impressive thought of its sanctity, of the day when "God rested from his works," and hallowed it, that it seemed like the "silence of heaven" for more than the space of half an hour. It was, indeed, a Christian Sabbath, a New England Sabbath, such as I never before felt, and have scarcely realized since. Outwardly, it was one of the hallowed hours of life.

SALEM, June, 1871.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

It was a wicked place. Satan had his seat there. The young people were given all over to parties, and sinful pleasures, and would not be respectful in the meetings. It seemed almost impossible to hold meetings among them. One night the rain drove me home after I had got part way there, and I resolved to spend the time in my closet, praying for the place. I gained the evidence that God would pour out his Spirit, and save souls in that place. I could not see how it would be brought about, but I was sure it would come.

The ringleader in the parties was taken sick, and the first time I called to see him, he was full of the idea that all men would finally be saved. I prayed with him, and promised to call again. The next time he was quite sick, and his Universalism had fled. When I asked him if I should pray for him, he said "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." This gave me courage and faith to pray. After prayer his mother came along, and said, "God will answer that prayer; I know he will, for I felt it." And He did answer it, and saved the sinner, and made him so happy that before he died he called all his brothers and sisters around him, with his father and mother, and compelled them all to promise to meet him in heaven. Then he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

In a few days I appointed a meeting in the house where he died, and several rose for prayers. Then we went to the school-house, and I held my first protracted meeting in this country. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and a multitude came forward, and found Jesus precious. It spread to another neighborhood, and young and old turned to God.

Rev. A. B. Earle, in "Bringing in Sheaves," tells us of commencing a series of meetings in a little church of about twenty members, who were very cold and dead, and much divided, the only green spot being a little prayer-meeting, kept up by two or three sisters. I preached the first evening, and closed the meeting at eight o'clock. There was not one to speak or pray. I succeeded the next day in getting one brother to say a few words, and closed again about eight o'clock, but said to the people, "We will go on with the meeting." All around looked dark, but to the eye of faith the darkness and the light are both alike.

The next morning I rode six miles, to a minister's study, to get him to pray with and for me. We both kneeled at the same chair, and prayed, feeling and believing that faith in God could not be disappointed. I went back, and said to that little church, "If you can just make out to board me, I will stay with you until God opens the windows of heaven. God has promised to bless these means, and I believe he will." I trusted it all to Jesus, and went to work, and within ten days there were so many anxious souls that I met one hundred and fifty of them at a time in an inquiry meeting, while Christians were praying in another house for them. A powerful work of grace followed, and I think several hundred souls were led to Jesus."

He says further: "On another occasion, I commenced a meeting near Boston. We had a large congregation; everything took well, and I told the people to prepare seats for the isles of the meeting-house. The very next day a terrible snow-storm came on, so that we were shut out of the meeting-house, and in our homes. For six successive days I preached in a private parlor at my boarding-house, to ten or fifteen persons. It was a trial of my faith, yet I knew God was able to fulfill His promises, and I believed He would. About the seventh day, the storm being over, we came together again in the meeting-house. On the first or second evening, one hundred men and women came forward for prayers, deeply convicted. While they were shut up at their homes, the Spirit of God had been at work upon their hearts. God had given a voice to the howling winds, and moved the hearts of His people, just as well as though they had gathered at His house. A great work followed, and many souls were brought to Jesus.

At another time he began meetings at Fall River, with only seventeen persons present. At the clos-

ing meeting there were nearly two thousand present, and it was thought that there were nearly one thousand souls saved through those meetings.

How vastly important that we should possess that wisdom that wins souls, that faith that laughs at impossibilities, and cries, it shall be done; that can go into any place, under any circumstances, and preach and pray, work and visit, and claim victory in the name of the Lord. "All things are possible to him that believeth;" but this faith goeth not out but by prayer and fasting, and the spirit of entire consecration. How important that all God's people possess this faith, and go forth and take the world for Christ.

A PLEA FOR THE WEST.

[We did not doubt that W. F. M.'s plea for New England boys to stay in New England would stir a fever in the Western blood, which is not the blood of age. It has done so. Dr. Small comes to the rescue of the West, giving a few facts to prove that that is a great country, which nobody did deny, but not proving that there are more happy or wealthy people there than here, or that it is any better to emigrate than to stay at home. As Paul says of marriage, may it be said of emigration: He that emigrates does well; he that emigrates not, does better. Thus speaks the Doctor]:—

The population of Indianapolis is fifty thousand. Twenty railroads enter it on eleven trunks, from all parts of the country. More than nine hundred freight cars enter and leave the city daily, and yet this is only a fourth or fifth rate city of the West. The population of this, the smallest of the Western States, is nearly seven hundred thousand, several hundred thousand more than the population of Massachusetts, and, I think, but little, if any less than one half the population of the six New England States. Its extent of surface is also about equal to one half of New England.

In this State are vast quantities of hardwood lumber, particularly black walnut, which is shipped to the eastern cities, and is the source of much revenue.

The mineral wealth of the State, however, is of far greater importance than the grain, live stock, or timber products. A recent geological survey has revealed the fact, that in this State are deposited vast beds of coal. The area of coal deposit is estimated at eight thousand square miles (about equal to the whole of Massachusetts), with an average depth of eight feet, producing about sixty-five thousand millions of tons, worth at the low figure of \$1.50 per ton, nearly one hundred thousand millions of dollars, a sum which the mind cannot appreciate. This, however, is but a mere item compared with the aggregate of the coal-fields of the West.

W. F. M. says: "It is hard to tell why any who have gone West are better off than those who have staid." I answer, they are better off for the reason that many of those who, in New England, having toiled incessantly for the most scanty subsistence, have located on these rich soils, and in ten or fifteen years, with less severe toil, have become independent, and many of them wealthy, and the failures to do so, if any, are rare. And tens of thousands now in the Eastern cities, who with the severest toil obtain but a scanty subsistence, could migrate West, and with less toil could become independent in a few years.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD WATSON.

The subjoined letter of the never-to-be-forgotten Richard Watson, was addressed to the Rev. William Woon, missionary at Mangungu, New Zealand. As it contains some advice appropriate to young ministers, as well as missionaries. I send it to you; if you deem it worthy of a place in the HERALD, you will thereby gratify

Yours truly, DAVID NASH.

77 Hatton Garden, Sept. 17th, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have written to the chairman, Mr. Thomas, introducing the brethren who, by God's blessing upon them will have been conducted safely to you, to present you with this letter.

I have seen, in your communications with the Committee, the good use you are making of the press. You are now a printer indeed! A noble business, my brother, when you can by it not only speak for Christ, but make your own and others' speaking to be heard and understood where your living voice cannot reach, and after you are dead. Even elementary books will convey elementary instruction of the most lasting and saving character. These thoughts will help you to pull your press, and move your letters joyfully. At any stage you may say, "This is God's work, and I do it unto Him." Should you ever have somewhat more labor than others, you will have the greater blessing. Still, by training up natives, you may relieve yourself, in time, of the drudgery of the press, although the direction and management will remain with you.

I have concluded my three years in your old circuit (that of City Road), in great happiness and harmony, and in none more than with the local preachers, who have given me great satisfaction. The congregations are all good, and the work is hopeful. Death has made progress of late among us. Dr. Clarke, Mrs. Storry,

Mr. Scarlett, and others, have been called away, so that we shall soon meet together from the ends of the earth, in our Father's kingdom, and what will it matter where we have died, whether in London or in Tonga?

Mrs. Tucker will, I think, be a great acquisition to the Mission. She is little in stature, but of great judgment, prudence, and piety. She is the daughter of Mr. John Hall, of Bristol, of whom, I dare say, you have heard. Give my love to the brethren, from whom we delight to hear often and much. Only aim at being true Methodist missionaries, preaching the religion of the heart, living in its full influence, having nothing to do but to save souls; despising ease, indulgence, show; living in perfect harmony and affection; honoring one another, reading often, and making your rule St. Paul's Epistles to Timothy and Titus; then God will be with you. You will save your own souls, and them that hear you. Keep far from worldly things, and civil disputes with the natives. Show them that your work is higher.

May you have health and peace, through Jesus Christ. I beg my kind regards to Mrs. Woon, and am, dear sir, Yours affectionately, RICHARD WATSON.

P. S. I advise you and all the brethren to read daily with the Scriptures, books of stirring experimental piety. This is a very important means of grace.

* Mr. Woon was stationed at Tonga, Friendly Islands, when this letter was written, and afterwards removed to New Zealand.

THE NEW PREACHER.

At a pleasant country station,
Full of eager expectation,
Sat a waiting congregation,
At chapel one Sunday morn.

The sun poured in a flood of light,
Which fell on heads by time made white,
On sunny curls and eyes of light,
That lovely Sunday morn.

There sat the young and beautiful—
There sat the good and dutiful—
The aged and the sorrowful—
That Christian Sunday morning.

There for the first, with form and feature,
Resembling much a fellow-creature,
Within the pulpit their new preacher
Appeared that Sunday morn.

He spoke with freedom, zeal and power;
To him it was a blissful hour;
Twelve, struck the clock above the choir,
That did the place adorn.

Some lingered at the close of meeting,
To give their brethren friendly greeting;
I've not the power of repeating
All that was said that noon.

For butcher, baker, lawyer, teacher,
People of every trade and feature,
All criticised the humble preacher,
That they had heard that morn.

The lawyer said, "He'll not suit me;
No flow'ry strains, nor fluency,
No logic, or philosophy,
His sermon did adorn."

An old man said, "He spoke too low—
My earring is not good, you know—
Besides, he reads too much; and so
I cannot like the man."

A sister said, "He is too tall,
His hands too large, his eyes too small:
I do not like his looks at all;
They've sent us the wrong man."

"And then his wife, depend upon it,
She'll not suit here with that gay bonnet;
I'm sure she had a flower on it,
And she our preacher's wife!"

Another pious soul sincere,
Who gave full fifty pence a year,
Said to his consort fair, "My dear,
I never in my life,

Did go to chapel to criticise;
But this vain man (he wiped his eyes,
And in a lower tone sighs)
I never will support."

But there are some both wise and good,
A blessing to the neighborhood,
Who spoke as Christians always should,
With Christian charity.

O could the wind have talked and heard
Each idle, criticising word:
"The servant's not above his Lord,"
Methinks 'twould sadly moan.

Useless attempt to please mankind;
Fault-finders you will always find—
Though all the virtues be combined
In any great divine.

HOW A MAN FOUND HIS DIAMOND.

The Transcript gives this good illustration of success in perseverance and intelligence. One can find better things than diamonds, even wisdom and salvation, if they search for them as for hid treasures:—

A few years ago a gentleman engaged in the lumber business in Maine, having an appreciative eye for a diamond, and being convinced that a real diamond would, if properly bought, be a safe investment, accordingly commissioned Mr. Charles W. Kennard, the well-known jeweller on Tremont Street, to purchase for him a stone, about a thousand dollars in value, which was mounted as a spiral-backed stud.

As months rolled on the owner was offered by connoisseurs constant advances on his purchase, which temptation only made him value his gem the more, and he said to himself, "If it is worth that to them it is to me, and I will keep it till forced by necessity to sell."

In April of last year, while working on his boom of logs on one of the streams of the Kennebec, having on a shirt, the stud-hole worn by large service, he saw his sparkling brilliant fall from his bosom, strike the log, and glide quietly into the swift current below.

Determination to regain it overpowered the regret of his mind. He kept his loss where his stud should have

been—in his bosom. Sounding the depth of water, he found it to be about seven feet; he then decided to wait till the summer drought should bring the stream to its lowest ebb, and taking accurate measurement of the place, by the bearings of the rocks and trees on shore, allowing eighteen inches for the change of direction by the current, he left his treasure to compete with the dace and shiner, in fascinating the river mermaid, and returned to his Massachusetts home.

The September following, six months after the loss, the river being then at its lowest point for the season, the undaunted lumberman started for his diamond. The riverful of logs, covering the place, had been sawed and shipped, and now only a few inches of water trickled over the spot where the stud fell. He took with him a large tin colander, the holes of which were of a size to hold the prize, if found. He had determined to work a fortnight before giving up the gem as lost, and to have all the river-bottom to go through his handy kitchen strainer. He made his first dip of gravel and water, as nearly as he could calculate, eighteen inches down the current from where it struck the surface of the stream, seven feet above. And a lucky dip it was! for at the bottom of the pan lay the lost gem, bright and sparkling as when it came from the jeweller.

The above incident is a good illustration of Yankee patience and tact, as well as a warning to those who wear diamond shirt-studs.

"MY GOD, WHERE ARE WE GOING!"

At an early hour in the morning a few of the citizens of the town and vicinity of G—, might have been seen hastening towards the depot. A run of twenty minutes brings the dashing train to a bridge sixty feet below which, as in a channel cut through the rock, runs the now swollen waters of Lee's Creek. The recent freshet had undermined one of the principal piers. There is a fearful crash, and as the coaches fall through the awful space, one is heard to exclaim, "My God, where are we going!"

Whether these words were uttered by lips devout or profane, will probably never be known. A moment longer, and the wreck is in flames, and so dreadful is the burning, that of the twelve or fifteen persons fatally involved, the charred remains of but few could be identified even by their friends. My God, where are we going! Reader, where are we going? We are going!

Another incident in connection with this same railway disaster—for these are facts, as the writer has occasion to believe. Amid the wreck, some coin was spilled upon the floor of the broken car. As the fire progressed, one poor sordid soul was seen gathering the pieces of gold in his hand. Whether he escaped, or whether he was overtaken by the flames and perished, grasping his treasure in his fist, we know not.—*The United Presbyterian.*

THE REMINGTON RIFLE.

The manufacture of weapons of war is queer business, perhaps, for such good people; but "the Lord is a man of war," can be put on the barrel of Mr. Remington's rifles. His factory is thus described in *The Republican*. Mr. Remington is the brother who lately gave Syracuse University about \$150,000 in buildings and money:—

The Remingtons, whose gun establishment at Ilion, N. Y., is now the largest in the world, are justly proud of the acknowledged superiority of their chief arm, the breech-loading rifle, over all other American or European inventions. Their workshops cover four acres of ground; they employ some 1,400 workmen, and in the last six months they have turned out 170,000 rifles, a single day having produced 1,400. This is a greater production, even, than the United States Armory in Springfield achieved during the hot and hurried days of the war, when a thousand rifles a day was its maximum yield. Of these, 170,000 breech-loading rifles of the Remingtons, France took 154,000, besides 20,000 carbines and 40,000 revolvers, making in all 215,000 small arms furnished by the Remingtons to France since the 1st of September last. Besides France, Denmark has taken 42,000 Remington arms, Sweden 10,000, Spain 50,000, Egypt 150,000, Greece 15,000, and Japan 4,000, a portion of these orders yet remaining to be filled. And the Remington rifle has been adopted as the government arm by France, Spain, Egypt, Denmark, Sweden and Greece,—Denmark and Sweden having set up establishments of their own for its manufacture; while the United States is now making experiments to decide between the Remington and the so-called Springfield rifle as a final choice for its standard arm.

WHAT A LITTLE KINDNESS DID.—Mr. Humphrey Stevens, of Greenfield, the well-known Registrar of Deeds of Franklin County, used to keep a country store at Montague, and had a rule never to refuse to trust a man for a dollar's worth of goods, as the act would get him a good customer, or show him that the man trusted was not worth trusting, either of which facts it was worth a dollar to know. One winter evening, a Canadian called at his store and asked to be trusted for 50 cents' worth of pork and 50 cents' worth of flour, for which he would pay in a few days. Mr. Stevens let him have twice the amount asked, and the rejoiced Canuck lugged the provisions to his starving family, carrying also the news that he had got a job of chopping wood at 50 cents per cord—a fair price in those days. He worked faithfully, but for a little time only at this job, as the proprietors, who also owned a store, refused to trust him. But he kept at work at something, and proved one of the best paying customers at Mr. Stevens' store. Years afterwards the Canadian called on Mr. Stevens at Greenfield, referred to the latter's gener-

osity, and said: "I had lost, by drinking, all the little property that I had brought from Canada, but had come to Montague resolved to do better. Finally, I got the job of chopping, but the proprietors wouldn't trust me for provisions for my family; another merchant also refused me, and I had about determined to desert my family, and go to Canada, where I know not what would have become of me. But I thought of you, and called as a last chance; your kindness gave me hope; to-day, I have a good farm in Montague, all paid for, and I want to thank you."—*Springfield Republican.*

MEANNESS REBUKED.—Some twenty years ago, when Bishop Ames was a Presiding Elder in Indiana, at one of his Quarterly Meetings, a wealthy, but very stingy brother, was appointed to represent one of the circuits at the District Stewards' meeting, to estimate the table expenses of the Presiding Elder. The brother arose very deliberately, and said: "Before I can act in that capacity I want to visit the Presiding Elder, and see how he lives. Some of these preachers live better than I do." "O, well, brother," said the Elder, "I can save you that trouble. I do live better than you do, and always did, and expect to." The brother sat down.

At a meeting held in Indiana, subsequent to the above, the Presiding Elder was trying to induce the brethren to pay off a debt on the church. One wealthy brother, remarkable for his stinginess, and especially for his want of hospitality, said: "Perhaps the Presiding Elder can help us. He owns acres of land, and gives big dinners," emphasizing the allusion to the hospitality of the Elder, as if it were a grievous offense. "I will give ten dollars to your one, counting our relative ability, and the further fact that every congregation on my district has an equal claim upon me for assistance," said the Elder, much to the discomfiture of the man of little dinners.—*The Western Advocate.*

THE NEW PLANET.—Prof. C. H. T. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, announces the discovery of a small planet, the 114th in the group of asteroids, at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 25th ult. It was observed in 21 hours, 43 minutes, right ascension, and 10 degrees, 12 minutes, south declination, having moved in 24 hours, 45 seconds in the former coördinate, and 4 minutes and 20 seconds towards the south. Its magnitude is estimated between 12 and 13.

All the daily papers which have made this announcement speak of "right declension," and "south declension," as if the asteroid were a Latin noun. What they mean is declination.

I WANT YOU!—What did the Master mean when He saw the tax-gatherer, and said, "Come, follow me," and when the other said, "Let me go and bury my father," still "Come, follow me?" It didn't matter—the necessity nor the exactness of the demand, it was "Come, follow me." Running through the studies and study, through office and mart, through legislative hall and the streets, is still that cry, "Come, follow me." I want not your "Amen," I want not your substitute, I don't want your ten per cent., I want you!—*American.*

The Examiner touches up a Baptist brother with this story, that may fit some other brothers we wot of:—

"Said our genial professor of natural history to a college classmate: 'Sometimes when stones and trees are split open, lizards and other reptiles are found in them, with no manifest way by which they entered; it is thought, by the common people, that these animals were created where they are found; is that your opinion, Mr. X?' 'No, sir,' 'Why not, Mr. X?' 'Because, sir, I am not one of the common people.'"

An old negro in the West Indies was very anxious to learn to read the Bible. He lived a long way from the missionary's house, and yet he would come to learn a lesson whenever he had time. It was such hard work, and he made so little progress, that the missionary got tired, and told him one day that he had better give it up. "No, massa," said he, with great earnestness, "me neber gives it till me die." And pointing with his finger to the beautiful words which he had just spelled out in John iii., 16, "God so loved the world," etc., he said, with tears in his eyes, "It's worth all de trouble, massa, to read dat one verse!"

The following quaint inscription was placed on the Berlin Town Hall, in anticipation of the illumination at the return of peace:—

"Peace brings wealth;
Wealth brings pride;
Pride brings war;
War brings poverty;
Poverty brings humility;
Humility brings peace."

I should rejoice to hear any one of my congregation saying: "I forgot who preached, I felt so much the influence of the truths he preached. Blessed be God, I was enabled to repent, and the silent tears trickled down my cheeks. My heart was affected, it began to relent, and now it relents again when I consider by whose mercy it was that I was blessed with these feelings."—*Rowland Hill.*

Whatever Midas touched was turned into gold. In these days touch a man with gold, and he'll turn into anything.

For the Children.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

BY SOLON BEALE,

Which he dedicates to the great grand-children of the late
Rev. Oliver Beal.

O Thou who blest a little child,
Redeemer, holy, pure and mild,
Hear this my prayer, a childlike word,
That I may know the Lord my God.

The haughty infidel may sneer,
Thy saving Word refuse to hear;—
From Thee forever may depart,
While faith implants Thee in my heart.

The wise and rich—the strong may rage
In this profane and wicked age—
Bow down before the man of Sin,
While I have Heaven and peace within.

Then let me give my life to God,
My Light, my Guide, His holy Word;
My death shall be like infant's sleep,
As pure and peaceful, calm and deep.

SPRING WORK.

BY ANNA WARNER.

CHAPTER X.

"He that observeth the wind, shall not sow."

"Good morning, Mr. Graves," said the gay voice of Richard Peaseley, some days after this. Mr. Graves was in the field, and Richard on horseback at the fence. "How's your new seed wheat coming on?"

"Well, pretty fair," said the farmer, checking his sturdy team. "Don't quite know what to think of it yet. Seems to be sproutin' out consid'able. How's your'n?"

"Rather more of a mixture than I could wish," said Richard, with a laugh; "but I'm in hopes of a crop by and by."

"Somewheres along two bushels t' the acre, I guess," said Mr. Graves, dryly. "And they say you're tryin' to plough up the old hill itself!—heard ye was down there last Sunday a preachin'."

"Not preaching, exactly," said Richard,—"only Bible reading. Mrs. Coon has her days, and I have mine."

"Like t' know where ye get spare time?" said Mr. Graves, somewhat severely. "I don't find none in the market, at no price."

"Make it as we go along," said Richard, smiling. "But Mr. Graves, there's a lot o' those fellows hangin' round the village this morning,—so look after your boy a little. I'm going home to see to mine." And Richard Peaseley galloped off, leaving Mr. Graves in no pleasant state of mind.

"Allers the way!" he said to himself,— "jest you go stirrin' up a hornet's nest, and o' course next minute they're swarmin' all round the country. Look arter my boy!—that's what comes o' havin' a boy!—Haint I telled 'Lizy so, a matter o' twenty times? Like t' know who'll look arter this 'ere plough while I'm gone? No, no, he's jest got to see to himself. Gee up!"—

The patient oxen moved on with impatient Mr. Graves at their heels; the bright ploughshare cut its straight course through the stubble. Farmer Graves made extra time to the top of the field and back. But then he paused, and looked down along the road.

"Supposin' they should be round, now?" he said,— "skeerin' 'Lizy t' death."

Mr. Graves shut one eye, and peered up cautiously at the sun.

"Taint noon yet, by a long sight," he said,— "wants a good hour'n a half. Don't see what ever I kin do. Haw, there!—come about, I tell ye!"—

Again the oxen trudged on, laying open another straight clean furrow to the top of the hill, and once more down to the bottom again. But this time Mr. Graves found something to look at. A boy of some sixteen years old, respectfully dressed and of a very proper behaved presence, stood leaning over the bar place.

"Now he's come down the road, likely," thought Farmer Graves. "Reckon I'll ask him."

"Act as though ye was tired," he said, addressing the boy. "Come far this mornin'?"

"T'other end o' the village," said the boy. "Been workin' for Squire King a spell back."

"O, you come along that way," said Mr. Graves. "Met many folks out?"

"Didn't see a livin' soul 'cept one little shaver," answered the boy.

"Where was he goin'?" said Farmer Graves, pretending to busy himself with the ox-yoke.

"Store," said the boy. "Got a lot o' the handsomest eggs ever I see. We's been short o' eggs down to our

there warn't some more to be had. Mis' King's got a matter o' six hens all aching t' set."

"Well, ye can't get no eggs o' me," said Farmer Graves, something shortly. "We're scant too. What sort of a lookin' boy was it now?"

"Mighty fixed up," said the stranger. "Looked 'most like a pictur', he did. Blue check shirt, and jacket and trowsers o' butternut, and neck tie and pocket-handkercher'. Smart as sixty. So you ain't got no spare eggs?—couldn't let Mis' King have jest a settin'?"

"Aint a spare egg about the place," said Farmer Graves, contracting his brows. "Not as I knows on," he added, half to himself. "Good day t' ye—sorry I can't oblige. Haw, there! g' long!"—

"Now that's the very boy," said Mr. Graves to himself, as he mounted the hill. "And if them warn't my eggs, I'm a Dutchman, and no more about it. Thought 'twas kind o' queer the hens didn't lay. Reckoned they'd stole their nests,—and 'stead o' that 'twas the eggs was stole. What'll 'Lizy say now?" quoth the farmer, with a chuckle. "Gee up now!—come about!"—

"Won't never believe it," he went on. *That's* what she'll say. Only way'll be t' go straight home and catch him comin' back with the basket. Comes o' havin' boys!" said Farmer Graves, with a groan. "I kin look arter myself, easy. Here I've got t' unhitch and go streakin' home an hour afore noon!"

It was part of Mr. Graves' plan to go quietly, so no sound or warning of his approach reached the house, and Mrs. Graves was in blissful unconsciousness that her dinner might be called for an hour too soon. Very quietly the farmer drove his team into the barn-field, very quietly he came stepping along through the chip-yard to the house. All was quiet there too, only he heard his wife singing, as she was wont, over her work.

"Poor thing, poor 'Lizy," said Mr. Graves, with a stir of compunction. "Now she'll just cry her eyes out over this, as if it hadn't t' be looked for and expected; and it'll be—'O give him another chance, Ahab!'—and—'Don't be hard on him, Ahab!'—as if I was a sort o' a stone chisel!" concluded Mr. Graves, with some natural indignation at the comparison. "Can't be helped,—he's got t' walk. Feed him up well, and let him go."

With which benevolent sentiment, Mr. Graves entered the kitchen, nearly making his wife drop the pan of potatoes she was just putting into the pot.

"Why, Ahab," she cried, "what-ever's the matter? 'Tisn't a minute more than half-past."

"Guess I know the time o' day—commonly," said Mr. Graves. "'Most as well as you do. No objection t' my comin' home at half-past, is there?"

"Why no—of course not," said his wife, gazing at him. "Not if you like it, and if you're well."

"Ef I'm sick, s'pose I'd better stay in the lot," said Mr. Graves.

"But are you sick, Ahab?" persisted his wife, setting down her pan, and coming towards him.

"Tell ye no," said Mr. Graves, placing himself so as to conveniently watch the high road. "Had some business t' attend to—that's all."

Mrs. Graves was too much of a woman not to see through this, but she was also enough of a woman to ask no further questions. So silently, and with some undefined forebodings of evil, she took up her pan again, put the potatoes on to boil, and began to fetch, out bread and butter, and pickles and salt; setting them all on the table in a mechanical sort of way, with her mind full of other things.

"Love ye!—I ain't a mouse," said Mr. Graves, something sharply, when her quick glance had come in his way for about the twentieth time.

"I hope I'm not a cat!" said his wife, trying to laugh. "But whatever are you sitting there for, Ahab!"

"Like it better ef I'd stand up?" said Mr. Graves.

"Want to be as accomodatin' as I kin."

"But you're so queer," Mrs. Graves broke out.

"O well, if that's all," said Mr. Graves, "jist make your mind easy. I ain't the only one. We all has turns on it by spells. How come you t' be settin' tables?—Thought that 'ere boy was a goin' t' save ye all kinds o' trouble."

"There,"—said Mrs. Graves, "that's it. I *knew* it was something about Jemmy!"

And with all the briskness of success, the little woman finished her preparations, and putting the spider on the fire, began to fry great slices of juicy ham.

"Don't believe she never thinks o' nothin' else but him," said Farmer Graves, in a tone which the fizzing and sputtering of the ham turned into an indistinguishable murmur.

"O dear no!" said Mrs. Graves, "Jemmy and I have been hard at work in the cellar all the morning, and then I sent him upstairs to make himself decent."

"How long's it take him?" inquired Mr. Graves.

"Had about since ten o'clock, hasn't he?"

"He's had about since ten minutes before you came in," said Mrs. Graves, with another glance, as she dished up her ham, and went off to the pantry.

"Got any of that 'ere apple butter left, 'Lizy?" Mr. Graves called after her. "Ham's kind o' dry eatin' 'thout eggs or some sort o' sass."

"You don't want eggs then?" said Mrs. Graves, pausing in the pantry door, basket in hand. "Yes, I've got plenty of apple butter and plenty of butter not made out of apples and plenty of apples not made into butter. You can have which you like."

"Sakes!—ain't she spunky now," said Mr. Graves, admiringly. "Firin' up like an old seventy-six musket!"

"Yes, they're always got a charge in 'em nobody counts on," said Mrs. Graves, with some spirit.

"What on airth are ye standin' there for, lookin' at me?" said the farmer. "Ain't crocked my face, have I?"

"Thought maybe you'd come home to get dinner," said Mrs. Graves; "so I'm waiting to hear what it's to be, that's all."

"Well I *haven't*," said the farmer, "so *that's* all. Go ahead and get what ye like. I don't care a red cent."

With an indescribable little air of the head, Mrs. Graves came forward to the fire, and setting down her basket, began to take out the large snow-white eggs and break them into the pan.

"What does eggs cost ye, down to the store?" said Mr. Graves, raising his voice above the sputtering chorus that the eggs set up.

"More than they do at the barn—that's all I know," said his wife, carefully handling her slice.

"I'll go bail for that," said the farmer, coming towards the fire in his turn, and taking up the basket. Why, here's a matter o' eighteen left! Needn't ha' bought so many at once, 'Lizy; mebbe we'll find some way o' gettin' our own."

"Well I do believe you're crazy!" said the little woman, standing back once more to look at him.

"You haven't been drinking, because you never do. For pity's sake, Ahab, sit down and eat your dinner, and don't speak another word as long as there's an egg left on the table, or I shall think it ain't you."

Mr. Graves obeyed in silence, yet seeming not much more like himself than he had in speech; and his wife with really an anxious look on her brow, gave for the present her chief attention to Jemmy Lucas. Her own dinner did not amount to much.

"Very fair eggs," said Mr. Graves, at last, when the dish was empty, and pushing his plate back, which was in like condition. "Never did think much o' store eggs, but these is fair o' the sort. What d'ye s'pose ails our hens now, 'Lizy?" he went on, eying Jemmy Lucas, furtively the while.

"Haven't heard them complain," said Mrs. Graves, trying to laugh. "Unless because they can't lay twice a day. They seem to enjoy the first time so much."

"Pity they wouldn't do it more days then, if they does," said Mr. Graves, still eying Jemmy Lucas, who went on finishing his dinner with extreme composure. "How does the eggs taste t' you, Jemmy? Ain't nothing bitter about 'em?"

"No, sir—mine's sweet as anythin'," said Jemmy Lucas, looking up in surprise.

"Ain't, hey?" said Farmer Graves. "Now I kind o' notioned there was."

Mrs. Graves gave a little impatient sigh.

"Ahab," she said, "I wish you'd stay home this afternoon. Now do! I don't think this hot sun's good for you. It'll give you a headache as sure as the world."

"Sun ain't hot," said Mr. Graves; "and you ain't so dreadful lively down here that I kin afford t' give the afternoon for it."

"O I'll be as lively as a cricket," said Mrs. Graves, rousing up. "I've got a grand story to tell you."

"Tell ahead, then," said Mr. Graves, helping himself to another quarter of dried apple pie. "No time like the pressin'. Maybe by and by I mightn't want t' hear it—or you mightn't want to tell, which comes to the same thing."

Poor Mrs. Graves drew another long breath—then got herself in hand.

"Well," she began, "Jemmy and I were busy over the dishes, and planning what we'd do in the cellar, when all of a sudden I heard a hen cackle,—that Dorking, Ahab,—you know she always lays early."

"So I said," put in the farmer again.
 "And I thought maybe some of the hens had hid their nests." Mrs. Graves went on, fighting her anxiety as best she could. "So I told Jemmy to drop the towel and run as fast as he could, and see where she was. And I waited and waited, and he didn't come back."

"Ah, — didn't come back?" said the farmer.
 "No," said his wife. "So then I ran out too. And there was Jemmy, all beset with another boy. Jemmy had his arms round the egg-basket, and the other boy had his arms around him, and I really thought he'd scratch the child's eyes out — or kick his feet off, before I could get there. You can see the mark yet."

"Yes, he's tore up considerable," said Mr. Graves, whose own face was undergoing sundry changes. "Didn't know but he'd been in the bushes."

"No, it was that boy's claws," said Mrs. Graves. "He might as well have been a cat, at once. He didn't see me at first, and almost got hold of him, — but then he let go and ran, faster than anything I ever saw in my life!"

"Don't be, though!" said Jemmy Lucas, who had listened with intense enjoyment. "Even his foot can't stop him."

"What come o' the eggs?" said Mr. Graves.

"O, we brought them down to the house," said Mrs. Graves, — "a whole nest-full; just a little cracked, some of them were."

"They'd ha' been all smash, only the basket was so packed," said Jemmy Lucas.

"And Jemmy rolled himself round it like a ball!" said Mrs. Graves. "I never saw anything quite so funny."

"Cause yer know of Sam 'd once got a hold of it," explained Jemmy, "that 'ud ha' been the end. He's so strong."

"O, then you knowed who it was?" said Mr. Graves, studying the boy's face.

"Guess I did!" said Jemmy Lucas. "Ain't a boy down our way, as don't know Sam Dodd — and wish he didn't."

"What sort of a lookin' chap is he, now?" said Mr. Graves, the light of a new idea beginning to dawn upon his face.

"Big chap," said Jemmy Lucas, — "yaller hair, red face."

"Clothes all rags?" inquired Farmer Graves.

"No, sir," said Jemmy Lucas. "Sam don't never wear rags. Old Dodd's rich as fun, and Sam allers fixes up tip-top."

"Sort o' cast in his eye?" said Mr. Graves, the light of the idea growing stronger.

"Sees right round the corner all the time he's lookin' straight ahead," said Jemmy Lucas. "Lumps too, since he fell down stairs."

Mr. Graves left the table.

"Thought I'd seen him," he said. "Next time guess I'll know it. 'Lizy, don't ye worry 'bout me, — I'm all right, thank ye. Come down t' the lot along towards supper time, you'n the little chap, and I'll give you a ride home in the cart, and learn him how t' drive the team."

"If I ain't sold out this day," said Mr. Graves, as he tramped off at the heels of his oxen, "then it's jest because there warnt nothin' o' me to sell, — that's all!"

To be continued.

A GREAT WORK. — Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, that you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? O, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

The *London Quarterly* slays the thrice and four times slain, in proving by his handwriting that Sir Philip Francis was Junius, discusses the new French and Prussian positions, which it does not look upon as very permanent, examines new sources of English history in the new Record Office. The Church is defended against nonconformity, and the question asked, who of the Nonconformists rise to a level with the great Anglicans of the Second Order, except Baxter? Bunyan and Milton are put in another class, why, it does not say. Wesley, Milton, and Baxter, it claims, were trained in the Establishment, and so not to be reckoned among Nonconformists, pure and simple. "A generation or two outside the Establishment," it says, "produces men of national mark no longer." How about Robert Hall,

sal law that depressed bodies cannot produce as many leading men as those in free conditions. It must look to America, if it would find how nonconformity has exhibited its talent. Edwards, Channing, Olin, Wayland, are specimens of its fruit that compare well with all it offers. "The Chronology of the Gospels" is a very interesting argument to show, according to Roman history, that Cyrenius was governor of Syria when Christ was born. This is one of the test questions. Strauss declares it cannot be solved; that Quirinus, as he is called in Tacitus, was not governor of Syria then, and could not have been. Zumpt bends his learning to the oar, and proves from Tacitus and Roman law and usage, that he must have been governor then. Tacitus says he had a triumph decreed him by the Emperor for conquering a robber tribe in Cilicia, called the Homonadeuses. Cilicia was in the government of Syria. He must have been governor of Syria to have conducted that expedition. He remained so five years, the outside time of holding this office, and was returned to it twelve years after. Many corroborating proofs are given of this view. What will the objectors to verbal inspiration say to this solution of a knotty problem, submitted by their chief representative? The satires of Horace are excellently dissected. The number closes very strong.

Our Book Table.

QUARTERLIES.

The Baptist Quarterly begins with an animated comparison of the Roman and Protestant missions, showing that the latter are extinct and powerless. It is a good answer to the boast of the Jesuit that Romanism has alone converted nations. Since it became such, it has converted no nation. Witness its efforts among the Chinese, and in the East Indies. Yet its missionaries have often been devout men. Xavier and Hemepin did see Christ in the cross, and died happy in the faith. He pays a just tribute to their zeal and devotion. William C. Conant discusses on "The Bible and State" in the orthodox and right style, showing how closely the State is woven into the Bible, and how impossible it is to live without it. Rev. H. A. Sawtelle gives an interesting study on "Chinese Classics," including a complete translation of the "Webster's Spelling-book of the Chinese," the Primer, a rhymetical compend in 178 lines of all the learning of the land, and written in the thirteenth century. It gives a synopsis of Chinese history; approves of honoring parents and elder brethren; states the three active powers, heaven, earth, and man; the three lights, sun, moon, and stars; the seasons; points of compass; five material products, water, fire, wood, metal, and land; five virtues, benevolence, justice, propriety, wisdom, and truthfulness; six grains for food; domestic animals; nine family generations, four each side of the pupil; excellent advice about study, telling of examples of diligence under difficulty; one hung his book on the ox's horn "as he ploughed," "the first horn-book," the editor gravely suggests; and concludes with these verses, good for both young and old, in the twentieth century, as in the twelfth. Even the girls get praise in that age. There was then no Supreme Court of Massachusetts to declare such commendation unconstitutional: —

"Young, at the age of eight, could chant the Odes,
 Pe, at the age of seven, could write verses on the chess.
 They had ripe heads and quick wit; men called them wonderful."

You little learners must imitate them.
 Tzau Wanke could distinguish the notes of a musical instrument.

Seay Taouman could chant and sing.
 They were indeed girls, but they had bright understanding.
 You boys ought while young to become proficient.
 One was promoted to be a divine lad, one to be a corrector of books;

These, while they were small, filled offices.
 You, little learners, try and come up [with them];
 Those who do so become also like them.
 The dog watches at night, the cock looks for the morning.
 If you do not learn, how can you be men?

The silkworm gives the silk, the bee works the honey;
 If men do not learn, they are not as good as things.
 He who learns in youth, and in manhood practices,
 Ascends as far as the prince, and descends as dew on the people;

Sends wide the sound of his name, affords his parents honor.
 Reflects lustre on his ancestors, sends down a legacy to posterity.

Men bequeath to their children coffers filled with gold;
 But I teach children only (this) simple classic.
 Diligence has merit; but play is without profit;
 Be on your guard! and, as fit, use all your strength."

Rev. Mr. Palmer seeks to destroy the connection of the covenant of Abraham with Infant Baptism, by aiming to prove that circumcision only gave temporal pledges, national unity, and that because of the relation of that nation to Christ. He claims that circumcision, if a precedent of Infant Baptism, necessitates baptismal regeneration. Not so. It only shows the vital connection God has ever sustained in His Church between parents and their children, and His especial relation in Christ to all children. Rev. Dr. Eddy writes forcibly on "The Baptism of the Holy Ghost," as a present and needed outpouring, strangely affirming that it does not come in answer to prayer, but only at the good pleasure of God, in connection with prayer, — a bit of Calvinism that fits the argument as well as a handkerchief does a purser's shirt. Dr. Carey laments the instability of the pastoral relation, but makes no attempt to cure it by a regulated itinerancy, — the only cure that is possible. An exegetical note on the community of goods mentioned in the Second of Acts denies that there was a real community, but only mutual help, bringing as proof the phrase to Ananias: "After it was sold, was it not in thine own power?" It trans-

thus sold, and lay them down at the Apostle's feet; and thereafter distribution used to be made from time to time, unto each one, according as any one had need." How this differs from community of goods, it is hard to see. "All that believed were together, and had all things common," and "Neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed were his own; but they had all things common." It will be hard for its paraphrase of one sentence to destroy this most evident meaning. "Their own power" may suggest their voice in the distribution of the goods they had put in, but it does not interfere with the clear text that all their goods were sold and put into the common treasury. The monasteries of the Middle Ages were on this basis. So will be the Church of the future. So it is to-day in every true Christian conscience, as is seen in the liberality of many rich men.

The North American discusses "Minority Representation," without much approval of it; sketches the "Religion of the Ancient Romans," which it makes out to be mysterious, serious, abstract, worshipping ideas, having a god for everything, and everything a God; it declares that it could not satisfy the growing people, and distinguishes between its Jupiter and Jehovah. It says: "We must not make the mistake (in a manner embarrassing to Messrs. Abbot, Frothingham, Towne, Tilton & Co.), of recognizing in a Supreme Divinity, such as this, the strict idea of one God, like the Jewish Jehovah. Polytheism does not differ from Monotheism in the accident of number alone, but in the very conception of Divine nature. By *Deus* the Romans meant only a supernatural being, who could help or harm men, and who might be an object of reverence; what we understand by a spirit. Jupiter was only the strongest of gods: he was not god, in the more atheistic view. When the Greek and Roman philosophers spoke of a Divine power, which was really supreme in the universe, they rarely called it Zeus or Jupiter, but Fate or Necessity, or simply God." This is what is meant in Eschylus, "Fate is stronger than Jove." Chauncey Wright discusses the origin of species in the interest of Darwinism. David A. Wells defines and defends "Revenue Reform," with especial severity against Grant and Boutwell. They will survive the assault. "Explorations of Palestine" gives the substance of the late discoveries. The notes are rich, especially one on John Adams, particularly its laudation of old Boston, which it says was the richest town in the country a century ago, and able any time, from 1650 to 1770, to have bought up New York city and its whole province. It also says its old families have "loads" of old plate. What sort of "loads?"

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

The Ladies' Repository for August (Hitchcock & Walden), has several highly interesting articles. Prof. Jewell's second paper on "Origin of Species," although it bristles with words of learned length and thundering sound, is a fine treatise, and will be read by all who feel an interest in their ancestry — monkey or man. "Down in a Copper Mine," by Rev. G. M. Steele, D. D., needs no further comment than to be named. The other nineteen articles, prose and poetry, together with a fresh and sparkling editorial department, and fine engravings, make up a very rich number of this favorite monthly.

The Nursery for August is a charming number, and will be lispied by seaside and riverside with as much delight as by the nursery fireside.

The Living Epistle, published by Rev. E. A. Hoffman, Cleveland, O., is devoted to the spread of holiness and pure literature. It has many excellent articles, and should have a wide circulation. *The Living Way* is a little monthly, published in San Francisco, the organ of the Missionary Christian Union, whose object is to maintain the living character of Revelation, and to publish more widely the everlasting Gospel. The articles are high-toned and fervent. *Wood's Household Magazine*, published by S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., though not particularly attractive in its appearance, is nevertheless an interesting and useful miscellany, affording much profitable reading for one dollar a year. *The Pulpit and Pew* is a monthly magazine for the Pastor and People, edited by R. Harcourt, and published by E. Goodenough, New York. The August number has articles from Bishop Simpson, Dr. Cuyler, Prof. N. H. Eggleston, Rev. Dr. Vail, Rev. H. A. Buttz, and others. It contains also a sketch and portrait of Dr. Newman, of Washington, which latter, however, as a work of art, is scarcely up to the mark, among so much that is good otherwise. *Hall's Journal of Health* is an old and faithful friend. The August number is as good as the average. *Heaven, a Concert Exercise*, by A. A. Nichols, published by Eben Shute, 40 Winter Street, Boston, will be acceptable to Sunday-schools, and so will *Dodd and Mead's Sunday-school Exhibition* for 1871. *The Report of the Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition* of 1870 is a large brochure of 400 pages, and shows what the Garden City of the West can do in the way of home industry and art. The annual catalogues of the Northwestern University, the Cincinnati Wesleyan College, Illinois Wesleyan University, and Pittsburgh Female College, all demonstrate what is being done for the cause of education in those Western centres of civilization. We are not sure but they are surpassing the East; indeed, this opinion has been expressed by some who have investigated the subject. The catalogues all show rapid progress. *The Second Annual Announcement of the Chicago Woman's Medical College* shows an enormous "Faculty," but a small list of students. Women should be made acquainted with the science of medicine; it makes them better mothers, and more useful members of society, though they may never take the place of men in the confidence even of their own sex as medical practitioners. *The Fifty-fifth Annual Report of the American Asylum for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb*, at Hartford, shows what is being done for these unfortunates. The average attendance during the year has been 258, of whom 117 were from Massachusetts. The system of instruction is excellent, and the results satisfactory.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY.
Frederick the Great, Abbott,	Harpers.	A. Williams.
For Lack of Gold, Gibbon,	"	"
Elements of Geology, Lyell,	"	"
Religious Magazine,	J. C. Bowles.	"

of Divine pleasure or displeasure. Doubt those who would deduce from the fall of the tower of Siloam the anger of the Lord against those who are crushed. Doubt those equally who pretend to see in cholera, cattle-plague, and bad harvests, evidences of Divine anger. Doubt those spiritual guides, who, in Scotland, have lately propounded the monstrous theory that the depreciation of railway scrip is a consequence of railway traveling on a Sunday. Let them not, as far as you are concerned, label and libel the system of Nature with their ignorant hypotheses."

Are we to understand from these sentences, that so learned a man, so earnest and enthusiastic a student of Nature as Prof. Tyndall, accepts the comfortless and inexplicable theory that the universe of matter is governed exclusively by natural laws, and that all the varied and mysterious phenomena exhibited all around us are the manifestations of natural law, and nothing more? and that if there be a God—a Creator—He has simply left the earth which He has moulded into forms of enrapturing beauty, and peopled with immortal beings possessing His image, to be the sport of a system of laws which He cannot or will not control? There is, at present, both in this country and in Europe a constant and earnest strife going on in the minds of learned men (we cannot call them wise men) to escape the fearful consequences of a responsible relationship between themselves and God. They expect nothing that does not visit themselves and the world through the intricate processes of natural law. To them, the Jehovah of the Universe is nothing but law, or if there be a God he has shut Himself out from His creatures behind the rigid barriers of natural law. If this be true, is God anything to us? Are we not to propitiate law? Can God harm or bless us if He would? "According to this," as Dr. Holland says, "the world is turned into a great mill, established on certain principles, for the grinding out certain results, and into the hopper all this great aggregate of individuals is poured like grain to be ground." Prof. Tyndall as a learned man accepts an impenetrable mystery in the place of the plain and simple declarations of the inspired text. Mr. Darwin chooses to believe that when God made man, He did not know whether he would turn out a man or a monkey. Huxley, Wallace, Lyell, Lubbock, Carlyle, Emerson, and a host of other learned men are demonstrating the truthfulness of Paul's declaration, 1 Cor. i. 21: "The world by wisdom knew not God." When we look upon the soul-struggle of these men who attempt to reduce the workings of an Infinite God to the measure of human capacity, and manifest a rebellious spirit because they are not able even to satisfy themselves, much less convince others, the prayer of the pure Christ is fraught with full and wonderful meaning, when He said, "I thank Thee, O, Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Infidelity is assuming dangerous phases, and making gradual approaches toward the foundation of our faith. One great need of the age is the presence of such men as McCosh and Morley simplified in every library, public and private, and in the hands of every young man of our country.

Hay and Bret Harte are giving the nation the inspiration of saloon and bawdy-house poetry and fiction, and men of this caste are trying to hew a way to heaven broad enough to admit the nastiest of the unwashed multitudes. It is time some Christian men hauled off their gloves, and put these men before the masses in their true character.

No man is entitled to Christian respect who is trying to break up the foundations of Christian faith. Redpath hit a hard lick with a short arm in the two stanzas dedicated to the saintly Jim Bludso. Let others speak out.

CHRISTIANITY SUCCESSFUL.

At the first glance, the results of the eighteen centuries of Christian effort and labor may not appear very satisfactory. The appalling fact meets us right here—the Church has not done her duty;—but notwithstanding this, Christianity has won glorious triumphs in reforming and saving men. Look over the dark map of the world, and what a light of glory has the Gospel shed upon it!

The Sandwich Islands, once the most degraded and wretched of all heathen nations, are now Christianized, and with their large, self-supporting churches, are sending the Gospel to the wretched pagans of the far-off islands of the sea. In Western Africa the Republic of Liberia is a Christian commonwealth, and in Eastern Africa Madagascar is fast becoming one. In Southern Africa more than twenty thousand souls have become the followers of Christ. The Polynesia group have nearly all become Christian—two of the important islands, Hawaii and Fiji, are Christian States. India is opening

her arms to the Gospel. Paganism is wounded to death throughout that vast empire. In farther India, the mission established by the immortal Judson, has resulted in the conversion of nearly a hundred thousand souls. The Chinese empire is receiving the Gospel, though more slowly than some other pagan nations. The truth is spreading in Japan, and already a part of the New Testament is translated into her language. The Bible lands are exchanging the Crescent for the Cross. In all Catholic countries the change is surprising. Look at Mexico, Spain, and Italy. Even Rome is receiving the Gospel.

There are in heathen lands more than twenty-five hundred church edifices, nearly two millions of Christians, and a ministerial force, foreign and native, of about five thousand who are preaching there the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Let us remember that all this has been done within about sixty years, since the commencement of the modern missionary enterprise. The Apostles believed in the universal triumph of Christianity, and their action corresponded with their faith; but as spiritual religion declined, this idea was lost sight of, but was revived in the modern missionary movement.

We should remember, too, that these eighteen centuries of Christian work were mainly a season of preparation,—especially is it true, since the aggressive spirit has been awakened in the Church. "A long time," you say, "for preparation." One has said, "God is never in a hurry;" and another, "The mills of God grind slowly." He was four thousand years in preparing the world for the Christian dispensation. Wellington was complained of bitterly for his slow movements in defeating Napoleon, but his reply was, he was preparing for the contest. His preparation was his success.

For the universal spread of Christianity we needed railroads, steamers, and the telegraphic wires, and all the improved methods of travel and communication. These we have. The Bible must be translated into the various languages of heathen nations;—this work has been, and is going rapidly on. Besides, open doors were needed, by which access may be had to all nations; all this we have—the world is thrown open to the Gospel.

Are not these glorious triumphs? Preparatory indeed, but they prefigure the reign of Christ in all the earth. What is wanting now, is the true missionary spirit—and with this the Church would arise to a new altitude, and would receive new strength for her mission, embraced in the words of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The Church is beginning to comprehend her privilege and duty, she is surveying the vast field of conflict and labor, and is girding herself for glorious achievements. The din of old controversies is dying away, and the praying hosts are seeing eye to eye in the great conflict, and are rallying as never before for taking the world for Christ. Let the Church do her duty, and the period so beautifully described by the poet will soon be realized:—

"The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other; and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

THE WORLD OVERCOME.

The world may be overcome—the world in its spirit, principles, motives, practices, enjoyments. But how overcome? By faith. But how by faith? Faith removes from the heart those lusts and affections by which the world obtains dominion over us; it gives us right views of the present world; it destroys worldly motives and temptations; supports the soul in the sorrows of life, and in the conflicts of life's closing scene, and gives an inspiring view of the world of glory. The world has taken possession of the heart—intrenched itself in its strongest affections. It must be removed and destroyed, and this can only be done by faith. "Purifying their hearts by faith." The world must be seen as it is. How deceptive, unreal, false, untrue? It comes to us as a friend, when it is our determined, relentless enemy. It offers the hand of friendship, but its friendship is "enmity with God." Faith presents it in its true light; strips off its spurious garb, and false appearance; lays open its true character; shows its friendships to be cruel and dangerous, its treasures uncertain and unsatisfactory, its honors momentary and delusive, its pleasures empty and a mockery. How strong and powerful are worldly motives and temptations. How they entice and influence. The honors of the world, what power they have over men. What destruction have they made of character, peace, and fortune; what rivers of blood have they shed; what fruitful plains have they converted into deserts. And yet, by faith, Moses with the most brilliant crown of the

world within his grasp, trampled upon and gave them all up for a crown of glory.

The sorrows of life—how have they pressed on the heart of humanity. What tears, groans, anguish have been everywhere experienced. But in the deepest sorrows, faith has given the richest support. Below the leaping, thundering, wildest tumult upon the ocean's surface, there are depths that are quiet and undisturbed. So the heart in its holy trust in the Redeemer dwells in blissful quiet amid outward, agitating storms. And in the conflicts with the "last enemy," faith gives a glorious victory.

The world of glory must be seen. Faith brings it near. What a country opens to the ravished view. Neither pen, nor pencil, nor eloquence, nor poetry can describe it. It is a land of perfect beauty, health, and enjoyment. Everywhere it bears the "beauty of holiness." All are clad in blood-washed robes, and none will ever say, "I am sick." Conflicts are now exchanged for victory; the race for the goal; the wilderness for a mansion; darkness for splendor; sorrow for bliss. There friends will meet. What greetings! Shall we be there? Faith says we may, and bids us fight the good fight of faith, and secure the crown. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

OUR ITALIAN MISSION.

A new era is opening for our Church in Italy. Dr. Vernon is about to unfurl the banner of American Methodism in that classic land, and thus supplement the heroic labors of those Vaudois evangelists who have so long been struggling to plant in Italia the pure Waldensian faith.

It is but right, that while our British Wesleyan brethren are planting a Church on the banks of the Tiber, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, our branch of the same ecclesiastical body should make its beginning at the birth-place of the old Admiral, who opened to view this western world. We are pleased with the idea of our Church commencing its operations at Genoa, from which "superb city,"—

"Westward the course of empire" took "its way."

Ten years ago the Genoese did a tardy act of justice by erecting a monument to the memory of Columbus. Now, the foremost Protestant Church in America, is doing itself timely honor by sending back to the home of Columbus a gratitude-offering in the form of a vitalized Christian faith, which fact we hope will soon be rightly appreciated by the countrymen of the great discoverer.

Although the city of Genoa has one church for every thousand of its inhabitants, or one hundred and twenty in all, yet there is much need of faithful Christian labor there to counteract or neutralize the vast amount of error, superstition and ignorance those same churches have originated and fostered. It may be truly said of the Genoese, as well as of other Italians, that they have been too long completely priest-ridden.

A few years since, while the writer was walking through the streets of Genoa, he was particularly struck with the great number of priests, monks, and friars he met passing to and fro. One day—not on a Sabbath, nor upon a festival occasion—he counted in one of his rambles through the city on different streets, thirteen ecclesiastics in fifteen minutes; and at another time, ten in as many minutes. On the first Sabbath the writer spent in the city, he heard a sweet and wispome chime pealing forth from the campaniles of the churches, which caused him to conclude that the Italians of northern Italy must be a very devout and church-going people. While on his way to one of the churches, he observed, near a place of worship, a crowd of men, women and children, whose attention was directed to the tight-rope performances of grotesque acrobats. At the churches the worshipers were seemingly devout, but after the services were concluded, wine-shops and places of amusements were fully patronized, and the Sabbath was not unlike a regular holiday. The writer also noticed a similar non-observance of the Sabbath in other portions of Italy.

Those who have observed the degrading results of Romanism among the Italians, will rejoice to know that our Church has begun to interest itself in the elevation and salvation of that people. For the purpose indicated, this is the opportune time. The Pope having lost his temporal power, is, also, fast losing his hold upon the minds of the enlightened portion of the Italian people. With the intelligent classes of that beautiful land, this is a transition period, and unless the Gospel proclaimed by Paul in Rome is presented as a substitute for the faith of antichrist, the reaction that is in progress throughout that country will be likely to swell the ranks of infidelity.

Let the Church pray, then, that God will give abundant success to our new missionary enterprise in Genoa.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY

for July opens with an article by Professor Lacroix, on Ernest Naville: His works and opinions. Naville is a leading French philosopher of the spiritualistic, in distinction from the materialistic or positive school, and also a protestant divine of the highest orthodoxy. Under the pressure of persecution by the State Church of the Canton of Geneva, he renounced his ordination as a clergyman, and ascended the platform as a lecturer. That he did not renounce Christ may be inferred from the subjects of his lectures recently published, "Life Eternal," "The Heavenly Father" and "The Problem of Evil," the latter being republished by the Methodist Book Room. In philosophy he holds with Cousin that the human mind has inherent in itself an idea of the absolute and the infinite. In this he antagonizes Sir William Hamilton's doctrine of nescience. The second paper on South America as a mission field is contributed by Rev. Thomas Carter, a returned missionary. He shows that that neglected country is a promising field for missionary labor on account of the absolute liberty of worship accorded to all forms of religion and the longing of the people to be indoctrinated with Protestant ideas, attributing our stability as a Republic to the prevalence of Protestantism in the United States. There is also a comparative freedom from religious prejudice among the people, their clergy and rulers. It speaks well for a Roman Catholic city of eighteen thousand people, that a Methodist minister preached and taught among them for five years without receiving an insult on account of his religion. Surely this is an improvement on old Spain. But this freedom from bigotry is the offspring of religious indifference in a land where there is no Sabbath, and where intemperance is alarmingly prevalent.

Article third, is a second paper on Wesley and Methodism. It is a translation from the French, giving a condensed yet graphic description of the rise of Methodism. We cannot endorse what the writer seems to commend, "that to-day, of all Dissenters, the Methodists furnish the fewest recruits to the party of the opposition." They are conservative by principle and by indifference; and it is observable that piety often invests indifference (political) with the respectability and good repute, and often confirms it as well. We have for many years blushed for shame that the Wesleys should stand aloof from the other Dissenters in their efforts to liberalize and to popularize the universities, and to disestablish the Church of England which rests like an incubus on the religious prosperity of England. When they cease their genuflections to that moribund institution, the Wesleys may expect to begin to exert that influence in England, of which their numbers, learning and zeal have rendered them capable. We most emphatically dissent from the assertion that "the saving of souls and the regulating of a State, are functions that have nothing in common." This is the same as to say that all Christians, and ministers especially, are to abandon the State to Satan and his subjects.

The fourth paper by Rev. J. M. Freeman, discusses the "Growth of the Sunday-school idea in the Methodist Episcopal Church." Under five periods of "Recognition," "Organization," "Development," "Incorporation" and "Expansion," the growth of Methodist Episcopal Sunday-schools from the first in the house of Thomas Crenshaw in Virginia, is clearly set forth. The writer is evidently at home in this field of Christian effort.

Rev. J. Y. Crane's book, entitled "Arts of Intoxication," is the subject of the next article by Rev. William I. Gill. The whole catalogue of vile poisons with which mankind defile and ruin themselves, is described by Dr. Crane. He devotes three chapters to the history and deleterious effects of tobacco, showing that it is a real intoxicant, that it quickens and weakens the pulse, debilitates both mind and body, and destroys intellectual, social intercourse. We hope that this book will find a wide circulation among narcotized members of Christian churches who, with polluted breath, pray that "whether they eat or drink, they may do all to the glory of God." The largest part of the book is devoted to the subject of alcohol, showing that it is a stimulant, and an anæsthetic, but not a nutriment.

C. Adams, D. D., is the writer of the sixth article on "Life of Trust." From the marvelous career of George Müller, he deduces the doctrine that Christians may trust God for their temporal as well as their spiritual supplies, and that Christians generally have not attained to the life of trust. The editor of the Quarterly very wisely suggests what Mr. Müller himself distinctly teaches, that this extraordinary power of faith is not a grace for which all are responsible, but a gift dispensed to a few by a wise sovereign. In this sense faith is enumerated among the miraculous gifts of the Holy

"Doctrinal Phases of Universalism During the Past Century," is full of valuable historical matter. The candor of the writer appears on every page. He commands the piety of the two chief founders of this great error, while he shows the doctrinal revolution through which it has been compelled to pass, in order to retain its hold upon any portion of the intelligent public. He clearly shows that early Universalism taught that death is the saviour of the soul from all the consequences of its sins. The Unitarian transformation is delineated, in which the little leaven of heterodoxy on future punishment, leavened the whole lump of doctrines which had previously been orthodox, so that all the difference between Universalism and Unitarianism, is that of caste, or as one has wittily expressed it, "Harvard College." The article is a valuable monograph on the dogmatic theology of a sect which has just celebrated its centenary in America.

In the synopsis of the Quarterly, Dr. Whedon pays his compliments to Dr. Bledsoe, the editor of the *Southern Review*, in reply to a truculent attack by that fire-eating champion of free-will and bound-men. The Book Table is, as usual, the richest part of the banquet which the editor prepares for our palates. The Church can well afford to pay the editor his salary for the work which he does for her, especially for her preachers in winnowing out the chaff from the wheat by his discriminating notices of current publications.

George Macdonald, the popular novelist, preached a sermon before Dr. Dexter, of *The Congregationalist*, which he reports in his paper. He has been accused of teaching Universalism in his stories, and there are things that look that way. But his sermon was all right, if his stories are not. He rebukes some Calvinistic notions, but does not go over to the bad, as the "unco guid" of Universalism does. Thus he put some plain truths:—

"It seems to me, sometimes, as if God had taken great trouble to make us. The problem was how to do it. I hope you don't think God made us, and made the world, out of nothing. I don't believe God made anything out of nothing. I think He made all things out of Himself. And in making us thus out of Himself, the problem was how to make us so that we should be ourselves; and so I sometimes think He took a great trouble to throw us off, as it were, so far out of Himself as that we might become ourselves, and develop a will and a free will of our own, and with that free will turn around and seek Him. Men often confound will with impulse, as if these were identities, instead of opposites. As when they say of a child that constantly goes astray, 'What a determined will it has towards evil!' the fact being, all the while, that the child has no will at all to resist the dominion of unbridled passion that leads it continually astray.

"Now, friends, you who want to be good, to be just, to be faithful, where lies your hope of deliverance? I do not speak to you—as a motive—of hell, for I do not think you need it. But, do you know, I think from the extreme of the old-fashioned teaching that God made men on purpose to damn them, some modern theologians are much exposed to the going over to a very dangerous opposite extreme, and teaching that God will not damn men at all! I do not seek to drive you towards goodness with this fear of God's damnation, but let the man who persists in hardness and impenitence, and who goes on and on out of the world scorning and neglecting the mercy of our Heavenly Father, be sure that there will be for him a future condemnation terrible to bear."

THAT'S SO.—I. Rawson Johnson writes from Washington to *The National Standard*:—

"What we now need is a national law to prohibit entirely the sale of intoxicating drinks. All the friends of Temperance should unite to obtain such a law. It is the effort which now demands the most earnest thought and action of all who wish to help save our beloved country. Let 'National Prohibition' be the motto of every friend of Temperance."

We are deluged by national rum. Maine is overruled by the Custom House. The nation licenses the liquor which the State prohibits. We must advance on this line. Petitions have been twice sent to Washington from the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance for a Prohibitory bill on the Territory of Columbia. We never saw that they were presented. Stir up this movement.—Only thus can the cause advance or live.

The Advance thinks that our advocacy of less hours of labor on the ground of the over-productiveness of machinery, a step up, and says: "It is only the same apprehension that formerly existed in regard to all labor-saving machines. The first saw-mill that was constructed was broken to pieces by men who said that, if a way was found for sawing logs into boards by machinery, sawyers would have no employment left!"

Our point is not that made by the laborers, that inventions will destroy their special labor, but a broader

ready this is being proved. Workmen formerly worked fourteen to eighteen hours, now they work eight to ten. They must work still less, or the machinery will drive the supply beyond the demand. Half of England's mills are idle. In fact the very instance it employs proves our position true. "Sawing logs by machinery" has so reduced that business, that in many places where they formerly worked, "sawyers have no employment left." Maine is emptied of them, compared with her former activity. So will Michigan be. If sawyers drove less fiercely, our forests might last a century or two in spots, but they are fast ruining the whole business. The only cure for the over-production caused by machinery is to reduce the hours of labor, and keep up the wages of labor. So *The Advance* will yet see, and confess.

The Milwaukee *Index* seeks to be witty after this fashion:—

"A friend was lately present in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake, when Brigham Young wishing to impress his people with his love for them, said: 'O, my brethren, you all know how I love my specie,' at which there was an audible smile among the congregation, they all knowing it to be literally true.

"This puts us in mind of something we heard during the session of the Methodist General Conference in Chicago. A colored brother, one of the Southern delegation then seeking admission to the Conference, met the genial Haven of ZION'S HERALD, and endeavored, unnecessarily, however, to provide him with arguments in their favor, referring him to a particular page in the Discipline. Said he, 'Brudder Haven there is one *claw* there I'se like you to see.'"

Our very genial "Brudder" Hauser has gone far for a joke, and come back joked, as he deserves. There was no colored delegate among those who sought admission to the last General Conference from the Southern Conference, nor did any colored brother then, or at any other time, address us after this fashion. It is an old jest fitted to a new corner, only it don't fit. Those present, Brothers Brown and Davis, Lynch and Green, were as well spoken as the most genial editor of the *Index*, or any other man, and will make as good Bishops in dialect, as in discourse and character. Try them.

Our camp-meeting reports will soon begin. They will come all together. Will the secretaries please bear in mind our frequent request, and thereby make their reports interesting to all readers? Give us summaries, not the name of every preacher and the text he preached from, which text nobody hunts up; not lengthy descriptions of the grounds, but striking words from the desk, striking events in the circle, or the tents, striking expressions at the love-feasts, especial seasons of the power of God, the peculiar events of that meeting. Please bear this in mind, and especially make them brief, and every body will read them with profit and with commendation.

The prize for the best essay on Free Churches was not given. The Committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Clark, Rev. David Sherman, and Prof. Prentice, did not deem any of the essays submitted worthy of the prize. The writers can have their articles by sending to this office.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—Among our advertisements will be found an announcement of this best of musical seminaries, conducted by Dr. Tourjée. Its prospects for the future are bright. We have so often commended this institution, that to say any more would be almost superfluous.

DREADFUL TO THINK OF.—A young lady in Jaffrey, N. H., has won as a prize a complete set of Oliver Optic's works—fifty-seven volumes. Has she got to read them all as a punishment for her guessing faculty?

A GRAND PRIZE.—For two new subscribers and five dollars we will send a copy of "The Life of Father Taylor," to any address, free of postage. This will be one of the most popular works of the day, and every one will want it.

Remember the Maine State Camp-meeting this week, at Richmond. The Kennebec boats land passengers at Gardiner, not far from the grounds, and carry for only \$1.50. Try them. It will be a great and good meeting.

The Tribune is dealing Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, and other free-lovers, some telling blows. It is doing morality and religion great service in these words.

PERSONAL.

George Bunker, the owner of Bunker Hill, removed from Charlestown to Malden before his death, which occurred in 1664. He died soon after his removal to this town. His second son, Benjamin, became pastor of the

Feb. 3, 1669 or 1670. Mary, one of the daughters of George Bunker and sister of the pastor, married Jonathan Sprague, and one of her sons was named Bunker Sprague. She died in Malden, July 13, 1714, aged about fifty-six. Her gravestone (says *The Charlestown Chronicle*, from which we gained these particulars), is now in the flower-wreathed old burial ground in Malden.

The Watchman and Reflector, speaking of Prof. Townsend's new book, "The Sword and the Garment," says "It is the title of an admirable book on ministerial culture, just published by Lee & Shepard. Prof. Townsend has taken high rank among our writers, and his books have a wide and enduring popularity."

Rev. David Sherman is engaged in writing a History of the Discipline. He has made considerable progress in the work, but wishes for copies of the Discipline from 1800 to 1824, for its further prosecution. If any brother or sister can find any copy of any of these debates, they will confer a great favor by sending them to this office.

The New York Globe tells this good incident of "Tad" Lincoln. Let all the boys do likewise:—

"'Tad Lincoln,' whose death is so widely lamented, had been rapidly developing into manhood, and gave promise of superior qualities of mind and heart. His moral firmness may be well illustrated by the fact that while in Europe, where the custom of beer and wine-drinking is so common among boys as well as men, he uniformly refused to taste or have anything to do with intoxicating beverages of any kind. This was a noble example to set for the boys of the United States."

We may have another quasi bishop of the colored persuasion. Bishop Simpson was to preside at the Delaware Conference this week. His sickness will prevent his presence. If no other bishop is present, a colored brother will preside, and according to the new Episcopal departure, this president would be *de facto* and *de jure* a bishop.

Bishop Simpson has received \$30,000 from Mr. Duncan, of Pittsburg, and made an executor of his estate, which will give him, it is said, as much more.

Last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Sanderson, of Bay View Church, received thirty-five into full connection, and baptized six. These are the fruits of extra meetings.

Bishop Simpson is still unwell. He is at Clifton Springs, New York. His doctor forbids his attending any Conference at present.

Father Tucker died in Chelsea, Mass., on Sunday evening last, aged 81.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CONWAY.—The Sunday-school has recently received a donation of 125 volumes for a library, from the Williamsburg Sunday-school. The Williamsburg people have also invited the Conway people to the hospitalities of their tent at the coming camp-meeting. Harvey Townsend, esq., of Conway, has presented the Methodist society with an elegant communion and baptismal service. A good interest prevails religiously, and several conversions have occurred of late.

SHELburne FALLS.—Bro. Virgin, the pastor, returned recently from an absence of several weeks, in which he visited the Pacific Coast in quest of health. Successful in his search, he has resumed labors with characteristic zeal. Meetings are held in his charge every evening in the week. The pastor holds a service at Shattuckville on the second Sabbath in each month, and three meetings a week in North Conway. The Praying-band continue their organization, and are planning a campaign for the coming months. A great change, religiously, is manifest in the place from eighteen months ago. The converts in the main hold on well. As a proof of the zeal of the people, it should be said that they have undertaken the renovation and remodeling of their house of worship. The roof has been shingled, the spire changed to an ornamental and tasty cupola, and the whole interior rearranged, the pews reseatd, and all painted anew. Services have been held in Union Hall.

FRYEBURG AND STOWE.—Rev. A. H. Witham writes: "The work seems to be going on well, and the religious tide is rising. The congregation is increasing, the class and prayer meetings better attended, and are seasons of refreshing and power. May God send us salvation."

The Brayton Methodist Episcopal Church of Fall River is in a very prosperous and flourishing condition. With the continued activity and faithfulness on the part of God's people among this rapidly increasing population, we expect gracious results to be accomplished for the Master. Just at this time we are having valuable acquisitions to our numbers as the result of earnest, faithful labor on the part of predecessors. Last Sabbath, July 30, twenty persons, from sixteen years to sixty, were received into full connection. Eleven were heads of families. Others are on the way. This month, a new and substantial organ has found a place in the church; and now we sing in harmony, as well as with the spirit and the understanding.

EAST FRANKLIN AND CHRISTIANITY.—This thriving village, long known as a place where men seemed bent on mischief, has now the appearance where God is worshipped. One

being finished. A parsonage is to be built immediately. Bro. J. H. Haines commenced to labor at this place as an evangelist the first of November last, and remained with us until the sitting of the Conference, at which time he was returned to us as preacher in charge. The work of salvation seems to be going on, and, God being our helper, the fall and winter will be unto us a time of refreshing. Twenty-eight baptisms have been noted since the commencement of the Conference year. The other societies have been abundantly blessed for the past year.

HAVERHILL.—The past month has been one of interest to the First Church. Both the temporal and spiritual interest of the Church have been advanced. Twelve have been baptized, six by effusion, and six by immersion, and seven received into full membership. The social services are increasing in interest. During the few weeks just past, a debt on the church of thirteen years' standing, amounting to \$3,000, has been provided for. Also, in addition to the repairs of last year, still further improvements will be made immediately, amounting to over \$2,000.

AMESBURY.—On the first Sabbath in July the people of the Amesbury charge had an opportunity of paying their proportion of the missionary debt. On having the case laid plainly before them, they cheerfully responded, contributing a little more than twice the amount of their apportionment. It would afford us pleasure to learn that many societies have done much better than this. It is to be hoped that this matter will not be neglected by any pastor for any reason whatever, and that the full amount of his apportionment will be secured by every brother, while some can with ease do more than this. Let us give our people the facts with reference to this matter, and they will give us the money. With what confidence may we, at the present time, urge upon our people the claims of the missionary cause. From many lands we hear of the victories of the cross, while from every quarter the imploring cry still comes, "Come over and help us." We understand that it is desired that the sums raised should be immediately forwarded to the missionary treasurer at New York, or to J. P. Magee, 38 Bromfield Street, Boston.

MAINE ITEMS.

HAMPDEN.—There has been a very gracious revival of religion progressing in this town for some months past. On the two last Sabbaths, Rev. Ammi Prince, preacher in charge, baptized thirty adults, many of them heads of families; also, two young children.

The wife of Rev. P. E. Brown, pastor of the Methodist Church in Gardiner, broke one of her arms a few days since by a fall from a chair, on which she was standing for the purpose of reaching some object which she could not reach from the floor. We understand that the arm, though painful, is doing well.

We learn that the Gardiner society is to be largely represented at the State Camp-meeting, as are the societies of Hallowell, Augusta, Skowhegan, Waterville, Kendall's Mills, and the river towns in general. Portland, also, is to be well represented, and a glorious time is anticipated. O that the baptism of the Holy Ghost may descend upon the Church on that occasion as never before since the day of Pentecost. The Maine and East Maine Conferences greatly need such a baptism. The preachers and the societies are very generally praying for and expecting it, and unless the "signs of the times" are greatly deceptive, such a baptism will be realized. We hear it rumored that distinguished preachers and laymen from abroad are to be at the meeting at Richmond. Should such be the case they will meet a cordial welcome.

Rev. W. F. Palmer, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Atkinson, baptized twenty-four persons, July 9, and admitted them to the Church.

The First Congregational Church in Deering, being destitute of a pastor, is supplied by other denominations. This arrangement is said to give excellent satisfaction to all concerned. The world moves, and the cause of Christianity advances. To God be all the glory.

Maine is losing some of her most distinguished sons in the Gospel. One of these, Rev. C. D. Burrows, was recently installed pastor of the Kirk Street Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass. Maine, in this regard, is a great "feeder" for other States, and is still likely to be, as others are expecting a "call" soon. Rev. Samuel Upjohn, of Augusta, has received a call from St. James Church, Boston Highlands. We are not informed whether the reverend gentleman has accepted or will accept the call. His parishioners in Augusta will, doubtless, be unwilling to part with him. We understand he has been very successful there.

Two persons were baptized and admitted to the Methodist Church in Gorham last Sabbath. Rev. Mr. Bates, of Bear Hill, South Norridgewock, recently baptized twenty-five persons upon their profession of faith in Christ. Mr. Bates is a very faithful and efficient laborer in the Lord's vineyard.

The additions to the Congregational churches in Maine the past year were 777; removals, 728; increase of membership, 49. Rev. D. M. Graham, formerly pastor of Caseo Street Church (Free Baptist), Portland, has accepted the Presidency of Hillsdale College.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of the Rockland District Ministerial Association for Conference year 1871-2, was held at Hunter's Mills, Clinton, commencing Monday evening, July 17. This beautiful and enterprising village is situated on the Maine Central Railroad, ten miles above Waterville, on the route to Bangor.

On Monday evening a very interesting sermon on "Faith in Christ," from John xiv. 1, was delivered by Rev. C. A. Plumer, of Wiscasset.

Tuesday morning the Association met at the appointed hour, and enjoyed a refreshing season in social prayer. Rev. E. A. Helmerhausen was elected President. The machinery of the Association was set in motion, and skillfully guided by his ju-

"Methodism in Maine." The aged veteran commenced by saying, "I arise with trembling at the liberty to relate my experience." He referred to his conversion and call to the ministry. His first circuit was some five hundred miles in extent. He preached every week-day evening, and three times on the Sabbath. He spoke of the growth and prosperity of the Church for the last fifty years. The New England Conference has been divided into the Providence, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and East Maine. This speaks hopefully for the future of Methodism in Maine. God had called home his sainted wife. Three of his sons have entered the ministry; one, H. L. Bray, has been called home to heaven.

THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Every four years the Irish Wesleyan Conference holds its sittings in Belfast, the capital of Ulster, and the commercial capital of Ireland. The Mayor is a Wesleyan, and so are several of the other officials of the town. It is more than two thirds Protestant. Methodism occupies a high position, and is worthily represented in all the occupations and professions.

The establishment of a Methodist College inaugurated a new era for Irish Methodism, and, although but in existence three years, it has affected a change for the better, which cannot fail to be seen by the most casual and superficial observer. William Arthur's name, and weight of personal character were of great advantage to the institution, and although his successor in the presidency is not so well known yet, being comparatively but a young man, it is expected that the college will lose nothing by his appointment. He has had much experience as an educator. Dr. Robinson Scott, whose name is well known to the Methodists of America, has been appointed Theological Tutor, and the head-master. Dr. Parker, is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and passed through that venerable and distinguished college with high honors. Mr. Arthur, in referring to the appointment of Dr. Robert Crook to the Presidency, said, no better man could have been chosen. Indeed, Mr. Arthur's remarks were marked by unusual strength of commendation. The college will move on in a career of prosperity and power.

The Preparatory Committees, composed of ministers and laymen, met some days before the Conference, and the financial reports submitted to them were in the highest degree encouraging, and showed that the denomination was preparing in a praiseworthy measure for the work before it. Urgent calls for additional ministers were declined, however, by the Conference, on account of funds. This is greatly to be regretted; and the fact that these open doors are presenting themselves which cannot be entered, should remind some American Methodists that their obligations to Irish Methodism have not been fully discharged, and that if they recognize the balance that yet remains, they will be conferring an honor on themselves, as well as a benefit on their fatherland.

The Conference was very largely attended. The Rev. John Farrar presided. He was accompanied from England by the Rev. Dr. Jobson, the ex-president, and the Rev. W. Perks, of the Mission House, London. The Rev. John Farrar occupied the chair of the assembly fifteen years ago, when it assembled in Belfast. He does not look older than he did then. Age is very sparing with him in its handwriting on his frame. His body is yet erect, his step firm, and his face fresh. He is a young old man. Dr. Jobson is as ruddy and as fresh-looking as ever. The sermons of these two distinguished ministers were able and eloquent. Mr. Perks is a younger man than either, and a very superior preacher. As a theologian he stands among the foremost men of Methodism. Several American Methodist clergymen visited the Conference, and one eminent minister remained during the sittings of the assembly. He addressed the Conference, and preached in Donegal Square Church, which is said to be the cathedral of Irish Methodism, on Conference Sunday. His discourse was equal in true power, unction and effect to any that were delivered. All who heard Dr. DeHass were delighted with it, and they could not fail to be profited as well.

There was a grand Temperance meeting held in connection with the Conference in one of the public halls of the town. Six or seven prominent ministers addressed the meeting, including the Rev. Dr. Wm. Crook, editor of *The Irish Evangelist*, who has been appointed to Belfast, close to the college where his brother is President. The Doctor has been for many years a teetotaler, and an able and energetic advocate of the principles which the name represents.

A Methodist Orphanage has been established, and seven applications entertained. The receipts for the year were upwards of £300.

A representative was elected to attend the next General Conference of your Church, the Rev. Joseph W. McKay. He is a man of great ability and worth, and is one of the most eloquent preachers, and most well-read and profound theologians of the Conference. This is the first time that Irish Methodism has sent a delegate to represent it in the high court of American Methodism. His personal worth and talents are equal to any official endorsement he can carry with him.

Several young men were ordained by the laying on of hands, and an unusually large number were received on trial. The ordination service was impressive. The charge by the President was what might be expected from such a man.

The obituary list contains the name of Charles Lynn Grant, Henry Geddes, Robert Masaroon, D. D., and John Greer. Mr. Greer died very shortly before the assembling of Conference.

In the list of the stations no appointment appears that would interest your readers, except it may be that of Robert George Cather, L.L. D., who is, by permission of the Conference, employed in England in the service of a religious society. The Doctor was not in attendance. He had not returned from the United States when the Conference adjourned.

The Committee on Methodist Union was reappointed, although

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21.

GAVAZZI PREACHING IN ROME.—The Apostolic Church has organized again in Rome, and the celebrated Gavazzi is preaching the Gospel there. Writing from Rome to a clergyman in Dublin, he says:—

"My very dear friend:—Thanks to God, I am at last in Rome, after twenty-two years of exile; and I am in Rome preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ while the Pope is still here; and I am in Rome lecturing six times a week in two different places, and lecturing against the most Popish errors in spite of that fearful Inquisition which would gladly even now receive me within its charitable portals. That is to me the most marvelous feature of the case; to find in the same place two such antagonistic agencies. Really the finger of God is here, and the fact will prove even to the most blind and fanatic that all is over with the temporal power of the Pope, and that Italy is the true and sole mistress of the Eternal City. As to the spirit of our people here, if you except, as a matter of course, the antipathies of all kind and sex, and their bigoted devotees (who however, are only a minority, nay, a fraction in our population), it is the most promising I ever met with after Venice. The work is hard just now, and full of dangers, even personal, and yet I hope it will succeed in the most splendid way, and will end in a complete triumph. I commenced my preaching in a sufficient hall not far from the Pantheon, and without any previous notice, in order to avoid obstacles and disturbances; and yet, in a few evenings, it was so crowded as to oblige my keepers to close the doors to prevent crushing, to the disappointment of hundreds. I have accepted the kind offer of the Scotch colony here, which gave me the use of their new church out of Porta del Popolo, and where already we have a second crowded house, although my lectures there are at half-past three in the afternoon. In the hall I preach on Sunday morning, and lecture twice weekly; in the church I lecture twice, but, owing to the wishes of the people, I shall lecture there three times also by the next week. My first course during January and February was on the benefits of the gospel; my second, at the hall, is on the Church, and that of the Porta del Popolo is on the Creed of Pius IX. You can easily imagine the arts and war of the priests, especially the Jesuits, against such daring as this; they cannot forgive me to have brought before the people their Sanlavar conspiracy against Christ, Gospel, and Liberty, in the very centre of their power. But here I am, by the grace and blessing of God, in spite of them all, the same as ever, nay, with redoubled strength, being almost rejuvenized by the realization of all my hopes and expectations. But I have a serious grief in the midst of so many consolations, and that is the scandal offered to my Romans by the tomfooleries of the English Ritualistic party here. The so-called "Old English Church," door to door to the Scotch place where I lecture, is nothing else than a Popish exhibition, under a Protestant name. From such a Jesuitical nest many perversions to Romanism happen every year. I have to fight against their influence, holding forth to my Italians that the church is not at all Protestant, or purporting the true Christianity of Ridley and Latimer, but only a pretext to lead astray as many dupes as they can. Pray for the blessing of God on our mission, and the spread of the true Gospel of our dear Jesus, even in Rome. Believe me, your affectionate friend,
ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI.

Rome, via San Marcello, March 9, 1871."

MICRONESIA.—Most cheering intelligence reaches us from Micronesia. The truth is received in many hearts, and is extending its influence among the natives in all parts of the country. We extract briefly from letters from Rev. Mr. Doane, published in the *Missionary Herald*:—

"Light! light! joy! joy! The day is breaking upon another part of our island heretofore very dark. I was sent for by express last week to go up eastward, to the king of another tribe, who with some of his chiefs has broken away from the false gods of Ponape and many of her evils, and is now praying, and wishes to be taught. But a week or two since one of our deacons destroyed the charm of the idols of his tribe, a large stone and tree, the god of the fishermen, and now the King has taken an advanced step, prays and speaks in meetings. This is another work of the Lord. He is still with us, and this movement, if genuine, will give us all this part of Ponape. May the Prince of Peace soon conquer all hearts."

A Christian town is growing up there. The same writer says:—

"It is one of the pleasant features of our prospering so just now, that it calls about us quite a large number of chiefs to live here; rather to build here their dwellings for staying over the Sabbath and other important days. A piece of land has been donated to the Board for mission purposes, and one effect will be to build up a town. Here will be the main church and school, and all the dwellings of scholars, and natives, as I have said, who want to spend the Sabbath with us. This evening, Saturday, quite a large number of such residents have come in, and fill our native room, take part in our meetings, and talk over the news of the week and the work of the Lord. It is pleasant to know that the magnet of all this is Christ—to hear of Him, to tell of Him, to worship Him, and so get strength from Him for the week's and the world's duties. I shall not be surprised to see here a large town in time. The harbor

is good, one of the best on the island. But this is of little benefit to us."

INDIA.—The native preachers in India are preaching the Gospel with great success. Bro. Scott, in writing to Rev. J. D. Brown, late of India, says:—

"Chimmon Lal to all appearance is just now accomplishing more than any other man in this mission. This converted heathen, going forth under 'the impulsive power of a new affection,' is winning souls to Christ; and yet, giving his entire time to this work, he costs the Missionary Society only seven dollars a month. Almost any class in our home churches could afford to have a preacher at work in India on such terms. Brother Scott, writing about the work in his district, says, 'We are fast putting up a fine church in Bareilly—fine for our mission.'"

SIAM.—Good news comes from this distant field. Dr. Dean, a veteran of the Baptist Mission, is abundant in labors. Rev. Mr. Partridge of the same mission says, speaking of the baptism of two Chinese at Bangkok, and of their examination: "I have never listened to so satisfactory an examination among the Chinese." He adds: "For some weeks past, an unusually earnest Christian feeling has been manifested by many of the brethren, and I have felt that we are to receive an outpouring of the Holy Spirit."

ENCOURAGING.—The foreign mission field presents a most encouraging, cheering view to the Church. At every point the work is prospering, and in many places a revival interest is enjoyed. The heathen are forsaking their idols, and receiving Jesus Christ. Let the Church give thanks, and renew its zeal to extend the reign of Christ over all the earth.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

Two young ladies of Reading, Mass., members of the Bethesda Congregational Church in that place, being grieved on account of the debt of \$4,500 which had been afflicting the Church for five years, rose up and went at it with a subscription paper. They divided it into shares of ten dollars each, and visited first the young women, then the young men, then their elder sisters and brethren; and by dint of much prayer and perseverance they have succeeded in wiping it all out. It would be interesting to know whether women are allowed to vote in that Church; and, if not, how large a portion of the voting membership can be credited with the sagacity and the devotion to the welfare of the Church which these two young ladies have evinced.—*Independent*.

BAPTIST.

Mr. Spurgeon's thousandth printed sermon has appeared. Sixty-two are printed annually; so that this represents the work of more than sixteen years. *The Freeman* says that not more than one third or one fourth of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons are printed, and that many of his best utterances are not reported.

The Southern Baptist Convention received last year \$31,223.16 for domestic missions, \$27,749.30 for foreign missions, and \$19,198.71 for Sunday-schools. The aggregate was \$76,171, an increase of \$24,857 over the preceding year's receipts.

The missionary work among the Cherokee Indians, by the Baptists, commenced about fifty years ago. Over 1,000 of the tribe are connected with the Church.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in San Francisco. It starts with a membership of forty Celestials.

On the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee in Turin, the following play-card was posted upon the walls of the city: "Thanks be to God for having accorded to Pius IX. the inestimable glory during his pontificate of seeing Italy one and free, with Rome for its capital!"

A sect by the name of Soul Sleepers is said to be making progress in Southwestern Virginia. It teaches the annihilation of the wicked, and the sleep of the righteous until the great judgment day. A minister of the "Disciples," writes the *Christian Standard*, that this doctrine is entertained by many in the churches of his denomination in Southern Indiana.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

RUNNING IN DEBT.—There are a large class in this world who regularly discount the future, and consequently lead harrassed, miserable lives. Their heads are never above water, and they are consequently never happy. A heavy debt is always in their path, and they make no headway. Creditors' meshes are woven all about their feet, and they are constantly tripping and falling. They are, so to speak, financially on their backs all their lives, or floundering about on all-fours, simply for lack of a little forethought, prudence, and calculation.

Store bills are the blisters which extract all the sap from human happiness. Shun the tradesman who evinces an eagerness to apply them. Beware of the butcher or baker who is more than willing to charge your purchases. Depend upon it, he is conspiring against your independence as well as your money. "A man," wrote Bacon, "ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue." "It is easy enough for a man," says another writer, "who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first slip in debt is like the first in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt as lie follows lie." Look out for the person who tells you that he believes in the old proverb, "Let us live while we live." Fight shy of the prodigal individual. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is lavish with other people's money also. You will find, on inquiry, that he owes a tradesman here, a mechanic there, and systematically plunders those who can least afford to be robbed of their rightful dues. When you hear a person stigmatizing frugality and economy as mean and small traits of character, you may depend upon it that he will, sooner or later, if he does not already, owe somebody a large bill which cannot be collected. He who begins life by regarding economy as lowering and belittling, will, in time, resort to the meanest of devices for procuring money. We now have in mind a person who sneers at what he calls a certain neighbor's niggardness, and yet owes nearly every tradesman within rifle-shot of his house. Better by far have the reputation of being close, and even penurious, than that of filching other people's money.

Many wives who sigh at their lot are wholly responsible that it is no better. They spend their husband's money before it is earned, and keep their noses to the grindstone from one year's end to the other. Instead of being helpmeets, they are merely help-eats. They spend all they can get hold of for dress-trappings, and murmur and complain that they have not more to throw away in the same direction. How many men have been discouraged by going home, after a hard and perhaps unsuccessful day's work, to hear their wives decant on the elegant things they have seen on their afternoon's shopping-tour, and then indulge in wishes that they could have this pair of ear-rings, or that pin, which they have seen in the jewelry establishments! Such wives little know the pain which they often inflict upon husbands of a generous disposition, who desire to gratify their every wish, regardless of their own comfort and pleasure. When husbands and wives learn to exercise frugality and economy, to purchase only what they can afford, and lay by a portion of their income, the aggregate of home happiness and domestic enjoyment will be largely increased.—*Hearth and Home*.

FATTENING CATTLE ON GRASS.—In Great Britain and Ireland the wealthiest and most independent farmers are those who occupy large farms of good grass land, and who fatten and sell annually large numbers of cattle. This class of farmers are called graziers; they keep very little of the land in tillage, do not winter large numbers of cattle, but buy two or three years old heifers and steers in the spring, keep them on choice pasture during the summer and autumn, and sell before the animals begin to lose flesh late in the fall. The vast herds of Texan cattle are sometimes managed in a similar way, being purchased when in a low condition, and driven on the rich and succulent prairie grass until they have become nearly fat. Farmers who have good grass land should devote at least a portion of it to fattening stock; good two or three year old heifers and steers kept on a rich pasture for six months would probably pay better than inferior tillage. The money would all come together, and the cost of transportation, compared with that of cereals, would be trifling. Every farmer should fatten all his young stock that are not required for the dairy or the yoke. Selling stock of any kind before they are properly made up for the market is very bad management, and a great deal of money is lost by farmers every year in this way.—*Western Rural*.

Suckers about Fruit Trees.—Every orchard not carefully watched, is liable to become infested with suckers growing about the foot of the trees, and nothing gives a more untidy appearance. Young orchards must be examined at least once a year, and have all the suckers carefully removed. For quite young trees, this work should be done early in the spring, as cutting away any considerable portion of growing wood and leaves has a tendency to retard growth; but unless the mass of suckers is very large, it should be done now, if omitted before. From larger trees, it is always better to take off the suckers at the present time, or while the trees are growing freely, as the work may be more effectually performed, and they will be less liable to start again. The worst thing that can be done is cutting the suckers off with knife in such a way that short stubs are left to sprout a second time. If the sprouts are small or only one season's growth, they may be easily and well removed by grasping them one at a time with both hands, and then, with a stiff cow-hide

boot, place the foot next the tree, and on the sucker, and one or two quick jerks will separate it to the base. If this is impracticable, take a small gouge and mallet, and cut them off closely. When it is thoroughly done, they will not be liable to reappear, and the few that appear subsequently are easily got rid of. A neatly kept, clean orchard, is better and more profitable in every way, than one infested with suckers, weeds, grass and bushes. — *Country Gentleman.*

LARGE ASPARAGUS. — *The Germantown Telegraph* says: — "We repeat our doubts that there is more than one kind of asparagus. The more we hear of the cultivation of the mammoth — a size that we do not covet — the more clear does it appear that it is the result of selecting the strong single roots for planting to begin with, and then plant them in trenches six to eight inches deep, well plied with manure at the sides of the row, and as the matured spires grow, fill in the soil, etc. At least this is one way of getting the very largest we ever saw."

WATERING SHEEP. — A correspondent asks if it is necessary to furnish his sheep with water. We answer, Yes. Not that they will not live without it, for we have known them to be without drinking for a month, and apparently suffer but little if any inconvenience. But we have also noticed that where they have access to good, pure water, no animal resorts to it with more regularity, or partakes of it with more seeming satisfaction. Especially do we think it important that ewes with unweaned lambs should have water within easy reach. We speak of good, pure water; for not only sheep, but all other animals are injured by the poisoned, stagnant water afforded by ponds and holes during the hottest season; and if they have to die, we don't know but it had as well be by famine as the equally sure method of poison. — *Western Rural.*

Our Social Meeting.

Rev. B. K. Bosworth discusses —
JOHN'S BAPTISM.

John the Baptist was a truly great and good man. Before he was born, the angel who foretold his birth, said of him, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." John baptized with water. This is evident from his title. He is called the Baptist, because he baptized. He himself says, "I baptize with water." All who believe the Scriptures to be the Word of God, do not hesitate to admit that John baptized.

But what was the mode of his baptism? Was it by immersion? Those who think it was, will do us a favor by solving the following problem: "The time which intervened between the commencement of John's public ministry and its close, did not much, if any, exceed a year and a half. During this time, 'Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan were baptized of him.' These, with those he baptized 'in the wilderness,' 'in Bethabara beyond Jordan,' and in 'Enon, near to Salim,' must, as the language indicates, include a very large portion of the inhabitants of that country.

The whole population of that land, at that time, did not fall short of five millions. John must have baptized at least one half of these. The language used cannot well express a less proportion. His public ministry contained about five hundred days. To have baptized two and a half millions in this short time, he must have baptized five thousand persons each day in succession for the whole five hundred days. For one man to have immersed this number, or even one thousand daily, for so long a time, must have been miraculous. But John performed no miracle, and yet he baptized more than it was possible for one man to immerse while he was engaged in his ministry. Therefore, that his baptism was by immersion, is utterly impossible. How, then, did he baptize?

Mrs. J. H. Stevens, Manchester, Iowa, sends a good word on —

THE HERALD AND HOLINESS.

Will the HERALD permit a constant reader to send greetings from beyond the Mississippi to Christian friends in New England through its columns? We rejoice that the HERALD dares to speak boldly on subjects of vital interest to society; that Caste, Intemperance, Free-love, and numerous other foes are faithfully rebuked. We hope it may live to shout over the death-struggle of each. And then such shouts of victory over spiritual foes, more subtle, more deeply entrenched in the heart, as the utterances of President Steele and others are frequently reaching us through its columns. How it nerves us for the conflict, and finds sweet responses in many Spirit-baptized hearts, I was about to say in these ends of the earth; but since the commerce of the world, is passing our doors in transit, and we supply bread temporarily for the nations, and spiritual, and doing valiant service for Christ and his Church, I might reckon that we are about as near the centre as the Hub. I would say, for the encouragement of others, that we have among us many, both preachers and people, who have inscribed on their banner, "Holiness to the Lord." "I am for Jesus." Old Presiding Elders and leading ministers, and among the laity old veterans and young converts, all tell the sweet story, "the blood of Jesus cleanses me." "He saves me just now," a testimony which none but redeemed man can give. O what blissful thought, that Jesus has taken his humanity to the court of heaven, there in person to transact our business for us, and counsels every one of us to trust our cause in his hands, assuring us that such is his love and power, that every necessity of our being shall be met, fully supplied, "according to his riches in glory." And in addition to this, knowing our dark-

ness and utter poverty, has sent to each of us His Holy Spirit as Comforter, Advocate, to transact the business of God through Christ with us, which is to subjugate our rebellious hearts, and bring our whole being into conformity to the Divine will, to wash and make us thoroughly clean. O, when will all who hope to be saved in heaven, be willing to be saved now, and here? It is here that our testimony to the power of His grace to save is needed not in heaven. O when we are right with God, we will have less anxiety for heaven, and more for the perishing multitudes around us for whom Jesus died!

"Jude" speaks, not after St. Jude's fashion, of a —

HARD-PUSHED, HUB-DISGRACING TRACT-DISTRIBUTOR.

It would seem to a casual observer that the Liberals at this place were hard pushed for ammunition to meet the batteries of truth recently opened by "Camp-meeting John," and others of the same ilk; for there came from the Hub a flood of brimstone tracts, without salt-petre — no explosion, no one killed up to date. The distributor was a very harmless young man, formerly of this place, but recently from Boston. So to carry out Boston notions of Liberalism, he must station himself at the Methodist and Baptist churches with his flaring blank cartridges, and began his mission on the Sabbath of tract distribution, according, no doubt, to instructions from head-quarters before he started. As we have no sinners here wicked enough to be damned eternally (so preach the Liberals), we say to the Boston Committee, "Keep your brimstone tracts for other lands, yea, for the heathen. We have no devil in these quarters to disturb us, no hell to shun, no heaven to gain; all quiet on this Potomac. Move in to West Waterville, ye poor, fearful souls who are troubled about your future condition. A wide-world insurance company has opened office here — cheap as the cheapest, good as the best, land enough."

THE OTHER SIDE.

As Bro. Sherman doesn't like "Vinegar Hill" because he hasn't read it, Sister "L. A. F." has another view of the same, and a good deal better view: —

Say to all who may object that you thank the Lord (or if you do not, I do) that Miss Warner ever felt inclined to write those stories. I do not believe God ever would have bestowed the gift upon her which He saw fit, if it were not to be used. In many instances the same persons who read these religious stories will not read a sermon, or a memoir, or any other style of religious reading. It is my method to adapt the teaching to the taught; not the truths taught, but the manner of teaching them. As for myself, "An Hundred Fold" has encouraged me to glean out in the highways and hedges as no sermon ever did.

We expected many such answers as this in answer to our single word: —

I notice in your paper of July 27 an article on "Cancer," in which I find the statement that the only cure is death. I wish to make a statement of my own case, which you may publish or not, as you see fit. I do not make it in the interest of the physician, but to benefit those who may be suffering as I was. Two years since I was traveling through New York State. I was then suffering with a cancer on my cheek. On the train I picked up a circular, headed, "Cancer can be Cured." I called upon the doctor, and he cured it without the use of the knife, and detained me from my business only one day. It has not since troubled me. I have since advised many suffering from cancer to see him. They have done so, and in every case he has treated he has had success, so far as I can know. He is no quack, but a Christian, gentlemanly physician; never leaves his home; is now, and has been for the last fifteen years, in regular practice in Rome, N. Y. Any person may refer to me, and I will answer them at once.

Your brother, NELSON L. ELMER,
Springfield, Mass.

The Doctor's address is J. W. P. Kingsley, Rome, N. Y.

We can only say if Dr. Kingsley can cure all cancers, and does not publish to the world how he cures them, so that all other physicians can employ his remedies, he is verily guilty concerning multitudes of his brethren. No true remedy ought to be kept secret, or can be. Bro. Elmer may have been cured of a real cancer, and it may not have been such. Others profess like cures, and effect them sometimes. So they may of consumption. But a known sure cure of either of these terrible diseases is not yet known to man. Red-top clover is advertised as better than eundurango. Let the sufferers follow the wisest, but especially trust in Christ. Then they will be well, living or dying.

Obituaries.

Died, in Augusta, Me., May 10, REBECCA GOULD, aged 41 years.

Sister Gould was one of the brightest lights in the Church of which she was a worthy member. She was a Christian lady of good talent, and faithful, not only in all her house, but in the Church, and wherever duty called, or Providence opened the way to point the sinner to Jesus, or a Christian to the higher attainments of the Divine life. And although her exit was very sudden, and unlooked for by her nearest friends, she was all prepared to bid adieu to earth in holy triumph, and wing her way to heaven.

In Provincetown, Mass., March 18, 1871, WIDOW BETSEY AVERY entered into rest in heaven, aged 75 years. Fifty years she lived in the Methodist Episcopal Church. She often said God manifested Himself to her in great clearness

and power, filling her soul unutterably full with unclouded hope, unwavering faith, and in full assurance of Divine favor. She walked out of the earthly house to possess the "house not made with hands," eternal in the heaven.

CHARLES YOUNG.

JOSEPH H. BICKFORD, of Great Falls, N. H., fell asleep in Christian triumph, June 2, 1871, aged 38 years.

He became a Christian in early life, and had been for years a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was not only cheerful and earnest when well, in Christian work, but under wasting consumption his faith was strong. He had not only peace but joy, as he followed his departed companion, though he had a father's love for the three orphan daughters he was leaving behind. His record is on high, and his life was a success.

N. L. C.

Great Falls, July 24, 1871.

Mrs. HARRIET M., wife of Benj. F. Holden, died at her home in West Concord, N. H., June 3, aged 62 years.

Sister Holden experienced religion in early life. Her experience was clear, and from the first step taken, her course was onward and upward. With her husband she became identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and together, for many years, they have been devoted to its interests. God smiled upon their industry, grace gave them pleasure in "ministering to the saints," and while the bereaved family will thank God that their home was blest with the presence of such a godly wife and mother, she has also left a record in the hearts of a large circle of Christian friends that is precious to memory. Her sickness was long and severe, but she bore it without a murmur; and when death came, it found a rejoicing saint all ready to depart and be with Christ.

"In her blest life
I see the path, and in her death the price,
And in her great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality."

Concord, N. H.

A. E. DREW.

HERBERT A. SAYER, son of Rev. Benjamin L. Sayer, of South Middleboro', Mass., was born in Barnstable, June 17, 1870. The subject of this brief notice embraced Christ as his Saviour three years ago, and soon united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He died in Clinton, Mass., July 4, 1871.

I found Bro. Sayer, on coming to the Fourth Street Church, last April, in New Bedford, a worthy member and Superintendent of the Sunday-school. He was a young man for intelligence in advance of his years. I remember the first time I met with him in a teacher's meeting, to look over the lesson that was to go before the school the next Sabbath. I was very much impressed with the clearness of his mind on the subject. I gave him a church letter last May, and he removed to Clinton, Mass.; and the Sabbath before his death his letter was read before the Church, and his name enrolled a member. I understand he bore a faithful testimony in the prayer-meeting, the Sabbath before his death, for his Divine Master. His stay in Clinton was short, yet long enough to endear him to the Church. During his brief sickness and death the brethren in Clinton did everything that could be done for him. His remains were brought back to New Bedford, to rest in the grave until he shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and shall come forth.

The Sabbath-school of the Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in New Bedford, will erect a monument at his grave. "The memory of the just is blessed," and "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." F. UPHAM.
New Bedford, July 26, 1871.

THOMAS J. MORSE died in Exeter, N. H., June 24, aged 47 years.

Bro. Morse had for nineteen years cherished that hope which is "an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast." As a husband and father, and as a member of the family of Christ, he has been without reproach. During his protracted illness his hope has steadily increased, and his faith remained unwavering. To visit him in his sickness was refreshing to the soul of the Christian, for his room seemed "quite on the verge of heaven." He died whispering constantly, "Blessed Jesus!" and long after the words were inaudible, the lips trembled with the hallowed name.

S. E. QUIMBY.

Died, in Taunton, Mass., June 24, 1871, JOSEPH HAGUE, in the 50th year of his age, after a sudden but severe attack of illness, terminating in congestion of the brain.

For fourteen years he had been a member of this Church, a sharer in its interests, a participant of its burdens. As Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, he labored assiduously in this important field; not toiled he in vain; for, though dead, yet he liveth among the memories and affections of the children.

Brethren in the ministry who have preceded me here, will call up kindly remembrances of our dear brother, for he was prompt in his official duties, caring for the Church's many interests. His last Sabbath this side the sick chamber was spent in his wonted place, speaking words of tenderness to the children. He left his last testimony for Jesus in the class-room, and has passed away at the call of the Master from earth.

A. ANDERSON.

FRANK E. CHASE, son of James M. and Betsey Chase, died of consumption in Great Falls, N. H., July 7, 1871.

Some two months before his departure he gave satisfactory evidence of sound conversion. He joined the class, was baptized, and warned friends not to neglect religion as he had done, but prepare to meet him in heaven. May his earnest words not be soon forgotten.

N. L. CHASE.

Capt. JAMES WOOLEY, of Lynn, after a brief but distressing illness, suddenly fell asleep in Jesus, July 22, 1871.

He was born in or near Southampton, L. I., in 1806, but had resided nearly the last forty years in Lynn. During the pastorate of Rev. Mark Staples, in 1840, he gave himself to Christ, and during his somewhat eventful career on the sea, and at his hospitable home in Lynn, he has exemplified the faith he then espoused, securing not only the loving respect and confidence of his brethren of the South Street Church, but of the community at large — the numerous attendance at his funeral attesting abundantly this latter fact. His noble generosity of disposition had rightly earned for him the title of "Great Heart" among those who knew him best; and his faithfulness in attending the means of grace, at home not more than abroad, was well illustrated by his very labored effort to reach our church on a Sabbath sometime after he had been obliged utterly to cease from all secular toil.

E. A. MANNING.

SALLY FARRINGTON died in Stowe, Me., July 14, aged 80 years.

Mother Farrington has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years. Though in consequence of disease and infirmity of age she was not able to talk much, yet she was peaceful and happy in her sickness, even to the last. All was bright before her, and she felt she should soon be with Christ.

"In pleasure's light, and sorrow's night,
'Tis with the righteous well."

A. H. WITHAM.

Mrs. LYDIA MCALLISTER died in West Stoneham, July 23, aged 73 years.

Mother McAllister for nearly thirty years has been a very great sufferer, and has wonderfully and patiently endured the deprivations and sufferings, and was patiently and somewhat anxiously waiting the summons of the Master. For many years she has been humbly following the footsteps of Jesus. She leaves an aged husband, whom she has been very anxious to see converted and saved.

A. H. WITHAM.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Maine State Camp-meeting, Aug. 8 to Aug. 15.
 Kennebec Valley Camp-meeting, Richmond, Me., Aug. 8, continuing 8 days.
 Coo's Ministerial Association, at Gorham, N. H., Aug. 15.
 Yarmouthport Camp-meeting, Aug. 15, to continue ten days.
 Grove-meeting at Heath, Aug. 16.
 Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 East Machias Camp-meeting, Aug. 21.
 Kennebec Camp-meeting, Aug. 22, continuing over the following Sabbath.
 Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 22, to be held 8 days.
 Empire Grove Camp-meeting, East Poland, Aug. 22.
 Willimantic Camp-meeting, Aug. 24.
 Hedding Camp-meeting, Aug. 25, to continue over the Sabbath.
 Springfield District Camp-meeting, at Hatfield, Aug. 26.
 Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 29.
 Rockland District Camp-meeting, at South Windsor, Sept. 4-9.
 Kennebec Camp-meeting, Sept. 4.
 Bath, N. H., Camp-meeting, Sept. 4.
 Lincoln Camp-meeting, Sept. 4.
 Stark Camp-meeting, Sept. 11.
 Providence District Ministerial Association, October—time to be fixed.
 Maine Methodist Convention, Chestnut St. Church, Portland, Oct. 10.

The Secular World.

WHAT IS THE NEWS?

Domestic.

We had time last week only to mention the fearful steamboat disaster in New York Harbor, on Sunday, 30th ult. We now give a few of the leading facts: In another part of the paper we endeavor to make such comments as the occurrence suggests. The Westfield is the regular ferry between New York and Staten Island. As she was leaving her dock at the foot of Whitehall Street, at half-past one in the afternoon, with the usual heavy load composed mainly of laboring people and their families to the number of over three hundred, bound on a day's recreation, her boiler burst with a tremendous explosion, shivering the whole of the upper works of the boat into a thousand pieces, and laying open the whole forward part of the hull from the very keel. As the day was warm, the greater number of the passengers were crowded on this part of the boat, for the benefit of the cool breeze. The disaster soon drew an immense and excited crowd around the docks. Probably between thirty and forty were instantly killed, while scores were more or less injured. The water all round was covered with the floating debris, mingled with dead and dying. Mothers were seen holding their babes out of the water; several children were thus rescued at the cost of their mothers' life. Scores of boats put off, and with great promptitude picked up the struggling victims. John Mage, the pilot, was thrown from the forward pilot-house 20 feet in the air, falling on the boat and escaping without a scratch. John Free-land was captain of the boat, and Harry Robinson, the engineer. The latter is a colored man, and the indignation of the passengers against him was tremendous, though his friends say he is not to blame. The boiler was inspected by John K. Mathews, United States boiler inspector, on the 15th of June, and pronounced safe. Robinson, the engineer of the Westfield, states that he tried the cocks in the boiler few minutes before the explosion, and found water at the upper cock. He states further that at that time he looked at the steam gauge, and there were 27 pounds of steam on her boiler; also, that steam was blowing off at the safety valve, showing that the boiler was carrying the full extent allowed by her certificate. The huge black smoke-stack of the steamboat lay like a monster serpent over an entire family whom it had stricken in its fall. A number of the victims were past any chance of recovery, and their death was only a question of minutes, or a few hours at the most. One of the saddest and most affecting sights in the search for the injured was the discovery of several little children and infants, whose tender limbs and bodies were bruised in the most horrible manner. Of course these were nearly dead. Mayor Carroll, Alderman Levi, Alderman Phillipson and Chief Fire Engineer Eckle, all of Syracuse, were on board the Westfield, and were all slightly

injured, but nothing serious. The boats of the revenue cutter Northern did great service in rescuing persons from drowning. One of the victims of the catastrophe is Antonio Meacci, a partner of Garibaldi in his candle factory at Clifton, Staten Island. The poor fellow was shockingly bruised, and cannot move a muscle without the greatest agony. He was taken to his residence by his friends, when his physician pronounced that his injuries would undoubtedly prove fatal. Meacci sacrificed all his wealth in the Garibaldi movement, and in succoring poor Italian emigrants who came to this country. He was Garibaldi's most intimate friend and adviser, and was a man of great ingenuity, and has secured 17 different patents for improvements in candle-making machinery, and had an elaborated system of speaking-tube telegraphy, by which he proposed to enable antipodal nations to converse together.

One man just before the boat started thought he should have time to step ashore and purchase some peaches; before he could get back the disaster occurred.

To afford some idea of the horrors of the scenes witnessed at the station house, where the dead and wounded were brought in, we give this statement of the *Boston Advertiser* reporter:—

"In the centre of the room stood a poor woman with her clothes torn away from her shoulders and cotton sticking to fearful burns upon her breast and arms from which the water with which they had recently been washed dripped mixed with blood. A knot of people had been collected by her groans as the doctor sponged and dressed her wounds, and behind this crowd in a corner of the front room lay eleven bloody and besmirched corpses. In chairs behind the railing sat two men and a woman fearful to behold, with bloody and scalded hands and faces, and one man internally wounded, who had fallen to the floor and lay there curled up in agony. The room in the rear of this was very ill-lighted and almost dark, and in every corner some fearful shape was sitting or lying, moaning and gesticulating with skinless, bloody hands, and striving to articulate with scorched or scalded lips and blackened tongue. A doctor was bending over an old woman on a stretcher on the floor, who screamed with agony at every touch and movement, and another woman sat in a chair, blackened and mutilated in a fearful manner, begging for a cup of water. Wounded men lay about the floor in pools of their own blood, and fumes of the wine and brandy which had been administered to them, mingled with the sickening odor of charred flesh. Men, women and children, still alive, would be brought in scorched and bruised, and mutilated to such a degree that it seemed almost impossible that life could remain. Around the corpses in the front room the crowd was incessant, and was constantly recruited from the people who came in. Among the dead lay a man with the back of his head absolutely blown off. He was said by some to be a fireman. In the most interesting group was a respectably-dressed woman of thirty years, apparently a sewing-woman, with a plain wedding ring on her left hand. Her head was crushed and her mouth was clogged with blood."

In the Bellevue Hospital, at 12 o'clock, on Monday, there were 24 bodies in coffins, and 10 on the slats, all presenting the appearance of having been terribly scalded, large patches of skin being torn off in many places. An immense crowd, estimated at 15,000 persons, congregated around Bellevue Hospital, and a like crowd around the Park Hospital. The most reliable returns of the disaster make the total killed 85, and of wounded 120.

A CHANGE OF LOCATION.—The Empire Mutual Life Insurance Company has rented No. 104 Washington Street, ground floor, which is to be hereafter the New England headquarters of this deservedly prosperous company. The office is fitted up plainly, but in excellent taste, and with every convenience for the business of the company. The location is an excellent

one, and the company in its new quarters will doubtless increase in popularity and in prosperity.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO LADIES.—Cushman & Brooks desire to say, that such has been the very great success attending their closing-out sale of Summer Goods, at Nos. 37 and 39 Temple Place, they deem it expedient to continue through next week to sell at the present greatly reduced prices, so that all their patrons may avail themselves of the opportunity to secure some most desirable goods at prices rarely seen in Boston or elsewhere. Their store is open for business all day Saturday. Orders from the watering places attended to promptly. See advertisement in another column.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE writes as follows of the Weed Sewing Machine in *The Woman's Journal* of July 15:—

Our readers will find an advertisement of the Weed Sewing Machine elsewhere in our columns. It is one of the best sewing-machines in use. One or two of the other patents may equal it, but none can surpass it. Among its points of excellence are its straight needle, the ease with which it may be adjusted, its non-ability to get out of order, its using both upper and under thread alike, whether of glazed cotton or linen thread, its admirably combined hemmer and feller, its combined stitching foot and braider, and its general cleanliness and protection against soiling garments. No goods sewed by it need ever be "soaped" or "oiled." It has a like tension on both threads, it is adapted to all kinds of sewing, it makes a stitch on both sides alike, it works with great rapidity, its tension does not require changing, it consumes very little cotton, and, in short, is simple, efficient and durable. Of what machine can more be said in praise? Before purchasing, we advise all women to examine the Weed.

The pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute speak in the highest terms of this institution. The fall term advertisement appears in to-day's paper.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best Hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Jan. 25, 2000

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. C. D. GOODMAN, Cleveland, Ohio, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine 44 years with the same No. 2 needle that came in it without breaking or blunting it.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

August 5, 1871.

GOLD.—1.12 @ 1.12½.
 FLOUR.—Superfine, \$5.00 @ 0.00; extra, \$5.50 @ \$7.50; Michigan, \$6.75 @ 7.50; St. Louis, \$7.50 @ \$10.50; Southern Flour, \$6 @ 9.50.
 CORN.—Western Yellow 78 @ 79 cents; Western Mixed, 75 @ 77c. bushel.
 RYE.—35 @ \$1.00 per bushel.
 OATS.—65 @ 70c. bushel.
 SHORTS.—\$25.00 @ 25.00 per ton.
 FINE FEED.—\$28 @ \$30.
 SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$4.75 @ 5.00; Red Top, \$6.25 @ 6.50 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$3.00 per bushel; Clover, 11 @ 12c. per lb.
 NEW APPLES.—\$5.00 @ 6.75 per bbl.
 PORK.—\$18.00 @ 19.00; Lard, 10½ @ 11c.; Hams 12 @ 13c.
 BUTTER.—Butter, 25 @ 27c.
 CHEESE.—Factory, 9 @ 11c.; Dairy, 6 @ 10c.
 EGGS.—21 @ 22 cents per doz.
 DRIED APPLES.—5 @ 9c. per lb.
 HAY.—\$23.00 @ 30.00 per ton, as to quality.
 POTATOES.—\$3.00 per bbl.
 SWEET POTATOES.—Out of the Market.
 BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$3.50; medium, \$2.75; common, \$1.50 @ 2.00.
 LEMONS.—\$4.00 @ 4.25 per box.
 REMARKS.—Demand quite moderate for Flour Seed remain unchanged excepting Timothy Herd's Grass. Pork unchanged. Also, Butter and Dairy produce. Beans, of middling grade, are firm.

Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

PORTLAND DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.
 August—Scarboro', 19, 20.
 September—Cornish, 2, 3; Sweden, 9, 10; Kittery, 16, 17; North Berwick, 18, 19; Elliot, 19; Berwick, 24, 25; Goodwin's Mills, 30, Oct. 1.
 October—Oak Ridge, 3; Kennebec, 5; Chebeague Island, 7, 8; Biddeford, 7, 8; Island Church, 14, 15; So. Standish, 21, 22; Raymond, 28, 29.
 November—Portland, 4, 5; Saccapappa, 11, 12.
 Moulmouth, Aug. 2. A. SANDERSON.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP-MEETING ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Meeting of the above Association will be held in the hall on the camp-ground, on Wednesday, August 23, at 8 o'clock A. M. Members of the Association are requested to bring certificates of their election, signed by Secretary of Quarterly Conference or Leader's Meeting, in accordance with requirement of By-laws.

S. C. BROWN.

MAINE METHODIST CONVENTION.—The Committee appointed to fix the time and arrange the programme for the proposed Methodist State Convention, held according to notice, at Kendall's Mills, July 19, and attended to the duty assigned them.

The Convention will be a MASS CONVENTION. All members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Maine who are present will be entitled to seats.

The Convention will meet and organize in Chestnut Street Church, Portland, at 9 o'clock A. M., Oct. 10, and continue two days.

The following programme of subjects is presented, namely:—

1. "Methodism in Maine: its Early History and Present State," C. F. Allen, C. W. Morse.
 2. "Comparative Statistical View of Methodism in Maine," C. Munger, L. P. French.
 3. "Methodism and the State," E. A. Heimershausen, J. J. Perry.

4. "Methodist Institutions of Learning in Maine," C. Stone, J. I. Morse.
 5. "Maine as a Mission Field," G. Webber, L. D. Wardwell.

6. "Ministerial Education," A. Prince, S. Allen.
 7. "Church Finances," S. R. Leavitt, H. Burgess.
 8. "What Changes, if any, are Required in the Policy or Usages of Methodism?"

Other subjects may be presented after organization, through a Committee appointed for that purpose.

The brethren to whom the same subject has been assigned are requested to confer together, and to combine their views, if practicable, in one Essay not requiring more than one half hour in reading—the subjects then to be open for discussion at the pleasure of the Convention.

The brethren of Chestnut Street Church cordially tender the use of their church, and also pledge their co-operation for the occasion; further than this, the Convention does not propose to tax their hospitality.

Arrangements will undoubtedly be made for reduction of fare on railroads and steamboats, of which due notice will be given.

Preachers of the Maine and East Maine Conferences are respectfully requested to give emphatic notice of the Convention in their pulpits, and to use their influence to secure a full representation of the ministry and laity from all parts of the State.

E. A. Heimershausen, S. Allen, L. P. French, D. B. Leavitt, C. F. Allen, S. R. Leavitt, H. Burgess, J. J. Colby.

S. ALLEN, Secretary.

July 28, 1871.

HATFIELD CAMP-MEETING.—The Hatfield Camp-meeting will commence August 28, and close Saturday morning, September 2. Boarding at the boarding-tent \$3.50 per week, \$1.00 per day, 75 cents for dinner, 60 cents for supper, and 50 cents for breakfast.

Baggage should be marked, "in care of C. W. Hollingsworth, Hatfield Camp-ground." Those who do not give personal attention to their baggage at the depot should leave their baggage-checks with the ticket-master. Baggage will be delivered on the camp-ground platform, and taken from there at the close of the meeting.

Each tent's company must furnish their own lanterns and lamps. Oil and straw will be furnished by the Committee as usual. Horsekeeping by Mr. Sweet, per day for the week 75 cents; one day and night, \$1.00; one day, 50 cents. Good pasturing can be had at reasonable rates.

The Connecticut River, Boston and Albany, Canal, Vermont and Massachusetts, and Troy and Greenfield Railroads will reduce fare. Call for Hatfield Camp-meeting tickets. All trains connect at Springfield with the Connecticut River road without delay.

One of the Committee will be at the ground after August 7, and furnish free return check over the Connecticut River Railroad, to those who wish to erect their tents previous to the meeting. Tents are now being put up, and it is earnestly desired that the churches make full preparations for the meeting the week previous. Further information may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, at Hatfield Camp-ground.

For the Committee, C. BIGELOW, Secretary.

Aug. 10.

31.

TO CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The number of applications for admission to the Boston Theological Seminary the coming year is already so greatly in excess of last year's calculations, that the Trustees feel it necessary to issue an additional building for the accommodation of students. Before doing so, they desire to ascertain, as nearly as possible, the number for whom this provision must be made. All candidates, therefore, who purpose applying for admission, but who have not yet given notice of their intention, are earnestly requested to communicate at once with the Vice-President, Dr. W. F. WARREN, 36 Bromfield Street. Free rooms cannot be guaranteed to any who fail to make their application at least two weeks before the opening of the term, Sept. 15.

Address REV. C. W. WILDER, Principal.

VERMONT METHODIST SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, MONTPELIER, VT.—The Fall Term will begin Wednesday, Aug. 30.

Address REV. C. W. WILDER, Principal.

EAST LIVERMORE CAMP-MEETING will commence Monday, Aug. 28, and continue one week.

The price of board will be put in good order, and ample provision will be made for board and horse-keeping. The price of board will be \$1.00 per day; single meals, breakfast and supper, 50 cents; dinner, 75 cents; 20 per cent. discount to ministers.

With the co-operation of the Societies in this region of the State, and on the line of the Androscoggin Railroad, this camp-meeting may be one of the best in the country. Conveyance by the Androscoggin or Maine Central Railroad, one half the usual fare.

Aug. 1, 1871. J. COLBY, S. ALLEN.

THE ST. ALBANS DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING will be held at J. Smith's Sugar Woods, Highgate Charge, Aug. 22.

HAMILTON CAMP-MEETING will commence on Tuesday, Aug. 22, hold over the Sabbath, and close Wednesday morning, Aug. 30.

The Grove is enclosed with a picket fence, and entrance is only through gates. These gates will be closed on Saturday evening, at 11½ o'clock, and not be opened until Monday morning, at 9 o'clock. All persons wishing to enjoy the Sabbath in the Grove must be within the inclosure before the gates are shut on Saturday. There will be a special train from Boston on Saturday evening. No cars on Sunday, and no sanction given to Sunday driving.

Fare from Boston to the Grove, and return, \$1.15. Board for the meeting, \$5.00; three days or more, each day, \$1.00; single day, \$1.25; dinner, 65 cents; breakfast or supper, 50 cents; children under twelve years, half price. Ample provision has been made to supply satisfactorily all who may come. Besides the regular Dining-hall, there will be a Restaurant, where meals can be obtained at any hour (except during public service), on the European plan. Also a Café, where a lunch can be purchased. A Grocery, where almost any needed article can be purchased at fair prices.

A post-office, book-store, baggage-room for checking and keeping safe small articles, will be open for the accommodation of all.

TENTS.—There are new water-proof cloth tents that can be rented by immediate application to J. P. Magee, Boston, or A. D. Wait, Ipswich, on the following terms:—

A Tent, 7 by 7, without floor or straw, \$4.00

Wall Tent, 10 by 12, " 8.00

" 10 by 12, " 10.00

" 12 by 14, " 12.00

These prices include land-rent and expense of putting up. All persons must provide themselves with bedding, lamps, etc.

Straw, lamps, oil, and some articles of furniture can be bought on the ground.

Baggage must be marked plainly with the owner's name and tent. All personal baggage will be carried free of expense, but furniture, stores, settees, etc., must be paid for.

No work on any tent or cottage will be allowed during the progress of the meeting. All such work must stop August 21.

The Committee will be at the Grove every pleasant Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

Aug. 10. 31. JOHN G. CARY, Secretary.

